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THROUGH THE HEART OF JAPAN.

By COMMODORE A-LOOK.

CHAPTER I.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MIKADO.

AT daybreak on the morning of the 29th of August, 18—, Benkei Yuzo aroused his companions from slumber, crying:

"*Ba yaku—lie no Fuji!*" (Hurry up—look out for Fuji!)

As the young men had not been in bed more than two hours, they grumbled; however, he rapped away until they turned out and went on deck.

"I can't see anything but mist," growled Johnnie Brackett. "I'm sleepy, Ben. Let me go back to my bunk!"

"You would never forgive me if I did," answered the Japanese. "Stay where you are, old chum; you'll presently behold a sight worth coming six thousand miles to see."

"Benkei is perfectly right in his assertion," remarked Dan Fillamore, as he drew a blanket about his shoulders. "When this mist clears off we shall have a grand view of glorious Fuji."

"I don't see any fun in rising so early," grumbled Brackett. "I believe Ben is putting up a little gag on us."

"If you don't like the show you can have your money returned," chaffed the doctor.

As he said this, his parents and sisters came on deck, and one of the girls, pointing down the bay, cried:

"*Hi, hi!* (See, see!) The sun goddess, Amaterasu o Mikami, has vanquished H.ruko, the god of mist! Behold Fuji-yama!"

Upon hearing this they all turned and glanced to the southwest, where, revealed in all her majesty, they beheld the peerless mountain, in her robes of snow, wearing the morning's crown of light, her crest being gilded with the rays of the unseen sun, while beyond her, in the purple air, still glittered the jeweled stars of night.

From cone to base there descended streams of water, which, glistening in the increasing light, gave the mountain the appearance of being adorned with silver threads. Gradually the vast form became illuminated, and as Benkei told them, was then visible to the inhabitants of thirteen provinces.

To the astonishment of his chums, the doctor prostrated himself upon the poop-grating, and after knocking his head nine times in "Respectful Salutation," rose and cried:

"*Namu, amida Butsu!*" (Hail, great Buddha!) "Oh, Fuji! Oh, Spirit inhabiting Rich Scholar Peak, I thank you for having protected me during my absence from Nihon! I here now to ascend your sacred cone and to pay thee perpetual reverence!"

"*Nammiyo! nammiyo!*" chanted his father, mother and sisters, who had likewise flopped upon their knees and were worshiping the majestic object.

"Beautiful! Superb! Magnificent!" exclaimed the collegians, even Brackett dropping his levity and joining in the admiration.

They watched the lovely sight until the sun began to scorch their faces, after which they retreated under the awning and chatted about the glorious scene.

"I think it is the grandest sight I ever saw!" remarked Don Mortimer, adding, as he glanced at Johnnie: "Now, don't you think so, too, chum?"

"It's hunky!" was the wag's reply. "It must be awful work for fat people to climb such a steep ascent."

"Fuji is a *sacred* mountain!" remarked Benkei, in a reproachful vioce.

"I can't help that!" muttered Johnnie, lighting a cigar. "It will take our fat down, holy or not holy! If I ascend it, you'll have to boost me up!"

The idea of Brackett being boosted up Rich Scholar Peak was too much even for such an admirer as the doctor, and the latter was obliged to grin.

"I thought you had renounced Buddhism?" observed Don to him, when Mr. Benkei, Senior, and the ladies had retired in order to prepare for the shore.

"No," faltered Ben. "I don't believe in it a bit, but pretend to do so out of respect for my family. They all belong to the Nichiren sect of Buddhists—are like what the Americans term Ranting Methodists!"

"We supposed the Emperor had by this time put down Buddhism in Japan?" remarked Mortimer, pausing in his writing.

"He tried hard enough," answered the doctor, as he rolled his eyes. "He abolished many of our temples and monastic institutions, and plundered a number of shrines, but could not stamp out the old faith. There are seven sects of Buddhists in Japan: the Tendai, Shingou, Zen, Iodo, Shin, Nichiren and Ji!"

"To which one do you belong, Ben?" bluntly inquired Johnnie.

"I?" stammered the doctor, blushing like a girl. "Ah, now that I am a *Kua* (noble), I am of the Mikado's faith—a Shinto!"

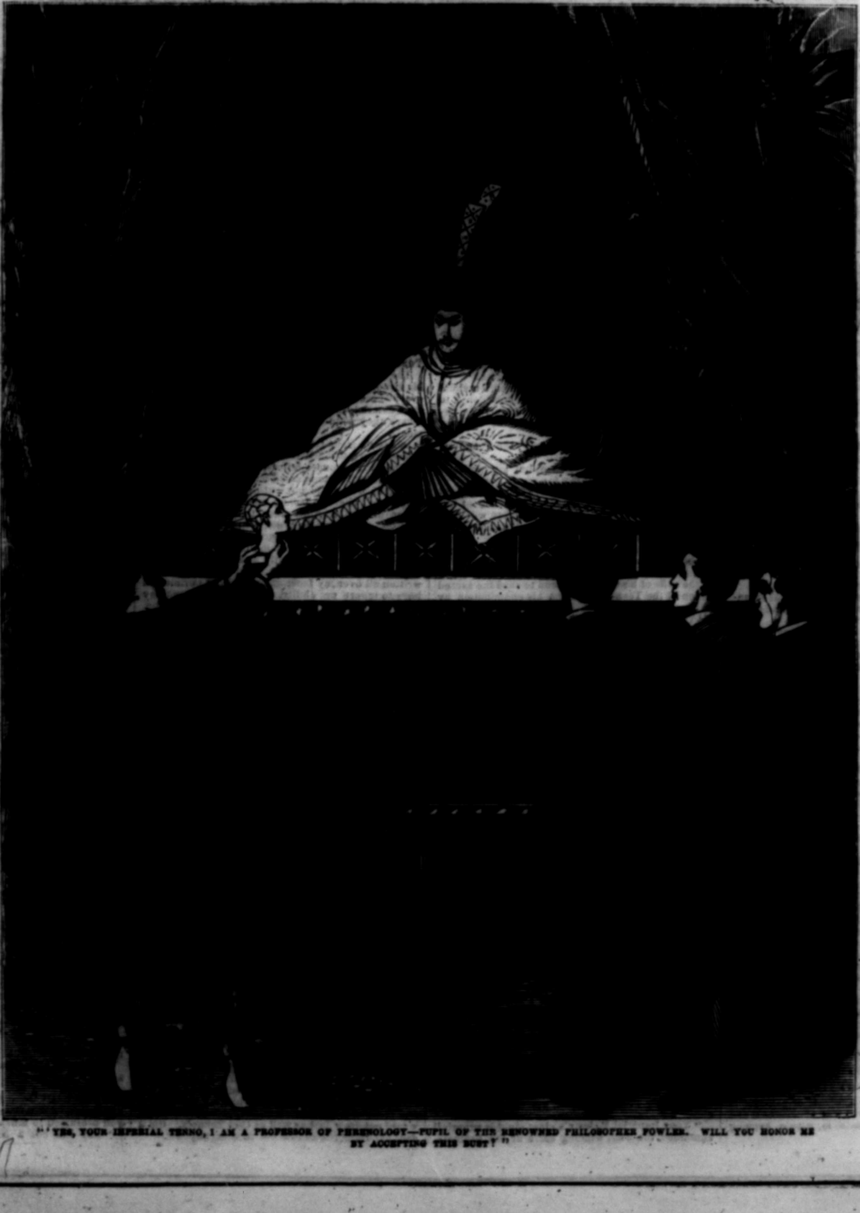
"I'm glad we know what you really are!" significantly remarked Orville Fillamore. "Come, boys, let us follow the ladies' example and get ready to go on shore. Ando will be ready for us by seven o'clock. We have promised to breakfast with him."

They descended to their staterooms, and while they were dressing, Dan remarked to his brother:

"Orv, isn't it comical, old Ben's turning a Shinto?"

Orville laughed a while, then answered:

"I guess he's about as much one as we are.



"'YES, YOUR IMPERIAL TENNO, I AM A PROFESSOR OF PHRENOLOGY—PUPIL OF THE RENOWNED PHILOSOPHER FOWLER. WILL YOU HONOR ME BY ACCEPTING THIS BUST?'"

He is now a noble, and thinks it best to profess the religion of the Emperor."

"I never thought he was a humbug," said Dan.

"I don't believe he is one," was Orv's rejoinder. "You must not forget that, spite of his Harvard training, Benkei Yuzo is a Japanese at heart, proud of his country and all pertaining to it. If he is not a Christian, he acts like one, so we may as well take him as he is."

"That's so," murmured the other; "Buddhist or Shinto, he has always been true as steel to us."

"Hello, boys!" they presently heard Jim Kidder cry; "where are you? There's an Imperial barge coming off for you, and here's a telegram from Coopertown just received!"

Orville toook the envelope, and nervously opening it, read:

"Glad to receive cablegram. Pleasant trip to you all through the heart of Japan. All well.
"DANIEL FILLAMORE."

"I'm glad we've had news from father," said Dan.

As he spoke they heard sounds of footsteps on deck, and presently a native official, accompanied by Prince Ando and a crowd of officers in French uniforms, descended to the saloon, and approaching the group, bowed in the modern Japanese style.

"These are the Messrs. Fillamore," said Ando, indicating the brothers. "Chums, this is His Excellency, Shizuke, Omori Toschi, of the Imperial Household."

The official smiled, and after shaking Orville and Dan by the hand, gave the former a letter inclosed in an ordinary American envelope, stamped with the Mikado's private *mon* or crest, a *kiri* (mallow leaf and flower).

The puzzled young man opened it and read:

"His Excellency Okubu Toshimichi, Minister of the Interior and Privy Counselor to His Most Gracious Majesty, Mutsuhito Tenno, is commanded by his Imperial Master to, by this, create you his guests, and to welcome you to Nihon. During your stay in Tokio a *yashiki* (palace) will be at your disposition as a residence for yourself and friends, and His Excellency, Doctor Benkei Yuzo, is commissioned to charge himself with your comfort and safety.

"As His Imperial Majesty leaves this afternoon for Kioto, I am directed to inform you that he will grant you an audience this day, at the hour of the snake (noon). Dated 29th day, 8th moon, 2539th year. (Signed) OKUBU TOSHIMICHI."

"You're in luck!" whispered Jim Kidder, who remembered how the boys had landed in Kikuoku. "The Emperor is a grand man, and is greatly pleased with the way you defended your friend, Benkei, from insult at college."

"How did His Majesty hear of that?" inquired Orv, as he refolded the letter.

"I published a full account of it in the *Ka-ya-ki*," said Ando. "I knew you were coming here, so thought I'd advertise you a little."

"You're very kind," remarked Dan.

They found the Imperial barge alongside, and all their baggage, in a lighter, ready to accompany them on shore.

The party landed on the *hatoba* (stone pier) of Yokohama, and proceeded, per special train, to Tokio.

The Benkeis, dressed in American garments, accompanied them, thus getting all their goods through, with those of the chums, duty free.

Orv, Dan, Ben, Don and Johnnie breakfasted with Prince Ando, who instructed them how to deport themselves during the coming interview.

About noon they entered *jin-riki-sha* (man-power carriages), and were drawn to the Imperial residence, a plain-looking edifice.

The Mikado, although owning many splendid buildings, lives in a very humble home—a mansion not larger than the White House at Washington.

He is so great and powerful that he does not need a magnificent palace.

He is the Tenno (son of heaven), and regarded by his subjects as a future god; spite of which he gives audience to foreigners, and is not, like his ancestors, hidden from the sight of his people.

When the chums alighted in the courtyard of the palace, Orville saw Johnnie take a paper parcel from his vehicle.

"What is that, Brack?" he inquired.

"A little private present for the old man," said Johnnie, with a grin.

"Oh, he does not receive gifts, like ordinary persons," remarked Benkei, in a severe tone. "You must leave that in your *jin-riki-sha*."

"Not much, I won't," was Brackett's ready answer. "I purchased this for the old man, and mean to deliver it *in propria persona*."

"But you will get us into trouble carrying a newspaper-enveloped article into the *sacred* presence," urged the doctor, who was almost scared out of his senses. "You must remember, at a frown from the Tenno we may all be decapitated. Please, chum, do not persist in taking that thing."

"Don't you worry, dear boy," cheerfully answered Johnnie, as he screwed the wrapper about the article. "I tell you this is for the old man, and I'm going to give it right into his hands. Don't you fret and fume, Ben; he won't order us to lose our cocoanuts."

In vain Orville, Don and Dan advised, and Benkei pleaded. Brackett was as obstinate as a mule.

"This is just what I expected of you, Johnnie," warmly remarked Orv, as they ascended the steps leading to the audience-chamber. "I knew you would play the fool."

"I am glad you are not disappointed, old chum," was the wag's calm rejoinder. "You do as you like and leave me alone. I'm here to have a good time."

"But the Japanese regard the Emperor as a god," whispered Dan. "You mustn't put up any of your little gags on him, Brack."

Johnnie chuckled, and with the newspaper parcel, which looked as though it contained an Edam cheese, tucked under his left arm, took his place with his friends, and awaited the arrival of the Emperor.

After a short interval, during which all but Brackett felt anything but comfortable, a silken curtain was raised at the far end of the apartment, and there entered a grave-looking Japanese, between twenty and thirty years old.

The chums were in the presence of Mutsuhito Tenno, the one hundred and twenty-third Mikado of Nihon.

CHAPTER II.

THE RESULT OF JOHNNIE'S CHEEK.

AS the audience was of a private or non-official character, the Emperor was unattended, and was costumed like his guests, in simple evening dress.

On seeing him, Benkei prostrated himself and performed the Respectful Ceremony, sucking in his breath, as he did so, in a very comical manner.

The Americans simply bowed and awaited the pleasure of the Emperor.

It would have been considered rude on their part to have addressed him.

Mutsuhito advanced gravely, and inclining his head to Orville, said, in English:

"Welcome to Japan, Mr. Fillamore. Will you introduce me to your brother and friends?"

He had directed that Orv should be placed at the head of the line, so that he might know whom he was addressing.

Orville bowed once more and said, in Japanese, as he presented his companions:

"This, your Imperial Majesty, is my brother, Daniel Fillamore. This is Professor Donald Mortimer; and this, Mr. John Brackett;" then, glancing round, pointed to Benkei, who was still crouching with his forehead to the matting, and added: "And that is our friend, Doctor and Professor Benkei Yuzo, to whom we owe our knowledge of Nihonese."

Once more the Emperor bowed slightly, after which he said to Ben, in Japanese:

"Rise, Sir Benkei Yuzo! You are permitted to stand in our presence!"

Ben rose, but his knees shook, so he could scarcely keep upon his feet.

The Imperial presence was too much for him; while Johnnie, who was at his elbow, breathed in his ear:

"Keep a stiff upper lip, old chum; he wont eat you!"

The Tenno asked Orville and Dan a great number of questions and said:

"I have heard of your gallant conduct in defending my subjects, and shall be most happy to ennoble you."

"Your Majesty," gratefully responded Orv, "we Americans are, by our customs, not permitted to accept foreign titles. Our poor services have been more than rewarded by your granting us this audience and creating us your guests. Had not Sir Yuzo Benkei, in the first place, treated us as brothers, we should, to this day, have remained in ignorance of the glory of Japan. To him the credit and honor is due."

"Are you a professor of anything?" remarked the Tenno.

"Yes, your Imperial Majesty," answered Orv. "I am a Professor of the Electrical and Kindred Sciences—my brother is one of Mineralogy. Professor Mortimer is a teacher of American Literature, and Doctor Benkei that of Medicine, Surgery and Botany."

"And your smiling friend there?" inquired their host. "Is *he* not also a professor?"

Orville was about to reply in the negative, when Johnnie, with a quick motion, tore the newspaper wrapping from the mysterious package and revealed a handsomely modeled phrenological bust, which he politely proffered to the Mikado, saying:

"Yes, your Imperial Tenno, I am a Professor of Phrenology—pupil of the renowned philosopher, Fowler. Will you honor me by accepting this bust?"

"Is it a human head?" exclaimed the Mikado, recoiling in evident alarm.

"No!" chuckled the wag. "It is a composition of gutta-percha and glue!" adding, as the amazed sovereign accepted the gift: "Imperial Tenno, *I shall be most happy to feel your bumps!*"

To the horror of Benkei, who expected Brackett would be annihilated upon the spot, and the amusement of Orv, Dan and Don, Mutsuhito laughed.

His example was so contagious that his guests joined in, and for some moments indulged in the cachinnatory exercise, even Ben catching the infection and uttering a mirthful "Ha, ha, ha!"

He remembered the time when to mention aloud the entire name of his sovereign was considered to be almost a criminal act, and how formerly he believed that the Mikado had none of the ordinary weaknesses of poor humanity.

When their merriment died away, the Tenno remarked to Johnnie:

"I have heard of this science, but my ministers have informed me that it is a foolish matter."

"Excuse me," was the grave response. "I studied under Professor Fowler; he's one of our most remarkable men. If your Majesty will only permit me to examine your head, I will describe your peculiarities to a dot."

Instead of resenting this, Mutsuhito seated himself and bade Johnnie proceed.

Benkei's eyes opened wide as Brackett, turning up the cuffs of his coat, advanced toward the sacred person of the Tenno and began his examination by saying:

"Your Majesty's vitativeness is immense. You have an excellent constitution. Your organ of alimentativeness is small. You are not a glutton. Your acquisition is well-developed. You believe in national and personal economy. Secrecy with you is very moderate. You detest deceit. Your organ of destructiveness is small. You hate to make war or inflict pain, yet can do both for the good of your subjects. Your number eight, love, is grandly developed. You are fidelity itself. Your numbers nine, constancy, and ten, parental affection, are also excellent."

Here Benkei looked aghast, and, unseen by the Mikado, signaled Johnnie to stop his sacrilegious description, spite of which Johnnie rattled on:

"Your Majesty's eleven, friendship, is tremendous. I never saw a larger twelve-bump of inhabitativeness. You love your country before all. Your continuity is great—you finish all as you go. Your caution, ambition, dignity, firmness and devotion are astounding—as big as eggs! Your number nineteen, spirituality, is particularly large, as enormous as Mohammed's. Your twenty, hope, and twenty-one, conscience, are grand organs. Your kindness is amazing. I can safely say I never examined a head with such development of construction, beauty, sublimity, imitation and mirth. That was why you laughed so musically just now. Shall I proceed, your Imperial Tenno, Majesty?"

The Mikado bowed gravely, and Johnnie rattled on:

"Class sixth—Senses of hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling, are perfectly formed and developed; and in class seventh I never saw such numbers twenty-eight to thirty-five. Observation, form, size, weight, color, order, computation and location being—immense. You can almost see in the dark."

The Emperor shook his head.

Brackett glanced significantly at Benkei, who was perfectly horrified at the idea of profane hands touching the sacred person of the Mikado, and the other young men looked on, amazed at Johnnie's cheek.

"Your Imperial Majesty's class eight is superb," continued the wag, winking aside at the brothers. "Your literary and knowing faculties are larger than those of the poet, William Shakespeare. You are a great historian; you remember everything you have heard or seen. You are most punctual—a natural musician and an eloquent orator. Your reflective faculties are larger than those of Confucius. Your judgment is profound. You are a keen critic, a subtile analyzer. You can read men's faces and minds as a scholar does a book. Your number forty-three—urbanity—is glorious! To sum up your developments in a sentence, your Imperial Majesty has a wonderful head, each power being number five—the highest grade—the maximum granted to—to—to—any man."

"*Man!*" groaned Benkei, in an undertone; "you are addressing a god!"

The Mikako overheard this, although he pretended not to do so, and laughed inwardly.

Mutsuhito, unlike his predecessors, knows that he is human, and, but for his ministers, would abolish the superstition current among his subjects, who believe he is divine.

He is desirous of investigating everything, and it was with that view he had permitted Johnnie to examine his head.

When Brackett had concluded his description, the Mikado rose, and taking the phrenological bust in his hand, made him go over it with him; then, after the various bumps had been described, said:

"Professor, have you ever met with another head like mine?"

Johnnie was quite equal to the occasion, and bowing, replied:

"No, your Imperial Majesty. There is but one Mikado in the world!"

After Johnnie had given an account of phrenology, and of its professors in Europe and the United States, and had furnished the Emperor with a list of works published upon the subject, the Mikado said:

"I thank you for having introduced me to something with which I have hereto had but slight acquaintance. Phrenology has been represented to me as one of the foolish sciences. I will fully examine the matter. Meanwhile, do not teach this to my people."

"Certainly not, your Majesty," said Brackett. "I have brought a large number of busts and charts, which I desire to present to the various public institutions. Until I receive your commands, I will not bestow any of them as I intended."

This appeared to please Mutsuhito, who, addressing Orville, remarked:

"We have had many strange teachers from America. Some have instructed my subjects in what is good, and others in the reverse. I now make it my duty to inquire into such things, so that my people may not be led astray. Do you bring any objects of instruction that have not as yet been brought to our notice?"

Orv replied he had a telephone, a phonograph and a microphone, and would be pleased to explain their structure and use.

"I have all three instruments," said the Mikado. "My ministers abroad send me everything new." Then, addressing them collectively, added: "I understand you desire to visit the sights of Dai Nihon (Great Japan), to see for yourselves how my subjects make the beautiful productions of our nation. Speak out freely and tell me whether you would rather accomplish this accompanied by a guard of honor, or go where you please without being specially attended."

Orville, replying for his party, said:

"Your Imperial Majesty is exceedingly kind and generous. While most thankful to avail ourselves of your gracious protection and recognition, we desire to travel as private persons, and beyond the company, aid and official presence of Sir Benkei Yuzo, do not wish to trouble you."

The Mikado bowed gravely, and having informed his visitors that the shadow of his protection would everywhere cover them, retired; after which officials entered and conducted the party to a room, where they were entertained with tea and sweetmeats.

In Japan, from the palace to the roadside hut, it is customary to offer food to guests, even though the latter be your inferiors, and all official interviews are still accompanied with feasting.

Benkei, who could not get over what he termed "Johnnie's cheek in feeling the Emperor's bumps," never uttered a word until they arrived at the *yashiki*, placed at their disposition as a lodging, when he addressed the wag, saying:

"You have done a fine thing for us, Brack!"

"Guess I have," merrily answered the other. "The Mikado is a real live man. He saw genius written all over my face, and would not permit you boys to ignore my ability. I tell you, phrenology is going to work another revolution in Nihon. When the Mikado masters the science, he will abolish the indiscriminate beheading now indulged in so freely by his merciful dispensers of Justice. Phrenology teaches you to respect a head, not to sever it from the body."

"But it's all bosh, and you know it, Brack," said Orville. "It was very saucy of you to offer Mutsuhito a bust, and to fumble in his hair like a barber. I agree with Ben."

"Go on, boys," chuckled the joker. "I can bear it. I did what none of you dared. I raised the Emperor's hair."

"You shock me!" indignantly exclaimed Benkei. "Are you not aware that he is Tenno—the son of Heaven?"

"Git out, you ninny!" cried Johnnie. "He's the son of his mother, just like you or I."

"You're right, Brack," said Dan; "Emperor's are human."

"He's a grand, fine fellow," continued Johnnie, admiringly. "It must have required immense courage, self-reliance, and a high degree of natural intelligence to have enabled a being brought up in the belief of his divinity to do away with the forms and ceremonies of ages, and appear as a man before his subjects. You thought I was piling it on a little when I gave him all the senses, fully developed; but, if it was not quite as I said, I was not going to acknowledge it. He will examine into the matter, and I know what the result will be."

"Another false science introduced to a confiding people," quietly observed Dan, who had listened with an amused expression of countenance.

"No, indeed!" grinned Brackett. "If your self-esteem were smaller you would not have made that remark. You may guy me all you like, boys, but I have this day accomplished a moral victory in the cause of humanity. The Mikado will make me the first professor of phrenology in Nihon, and when I die I shall be deified, and my image, with a phrenological bust in my hand, set up in the temples."

"Oh, shocking!" ejaculated Benkei.

"Oh, gammon!" chuckled Johnnie. "I think it would be a jolly lark. I don't see why my effigy would not draw just as well as Ojin Tenno's. I'm a deal handsomer than that old rooster, anyhow."

"Nobody denies your good looks, chum," said Orv. "You'll see. The Emperor's advisers will explode the pretensions of phrenology, and you'll have to carry your trunk of busts and charts home again."

That afternoon was spent in the society of the Benkei's, who were anxious to return home to Musashi.

"Have you seen Tofu?" inquired Benkei of his mother.

"You must not call her by that common name," said the old lady. "She is now the Princess Ichijo, and dwells in the Empress's palace. Your sisters and myself called upon her this noon, and had quite a chat."

"Was she gorgeously dressed?" asked Johnnie.

"No!" answered Mrs. Benkei. "She was costumed in English-cut garments and was working on a sewing-machine, making clothes for the poor. I told her, if I had only known about it, we would have brought her a Domestic or a Wheeler & Wilson. She complained that the instrument she was using ran hard."

Brackett smiled.

"Did she inquire about me?" asked Benkei.

"She asked after your health, but that was all!" said his mother. "My son, think no more of her."

"May I not visit her?" he pleaded.

"Yes," nodded the old lady. "She is permitted to receive her friends and relatives on Thursdays, at the hour of the ape (between 4 and 6 P. M.). The Emperor has adopted American customs, and has two reception days weekly, on which occasions her attendants can also see visitors. My son, if you *must* go, send her a present beforehand."

"I will!" sighed Benkei. "Who knows but that she may yet smile on me?"

"So will I!" chuckled Johnnie to himself. "We'll see which wins the princess—Benkei's solemn mug or Brackett's cheek!"

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH JOHNNIE DETERMINES TO FOLLOW NATIVE CUSTOMS.

THE next morning the chums saw the Benkei family off to Saitama, in Musashi.

"You must join us as soon as you have seen the sights of Tokio," said old Benkei. "I have a letter from my overseer, who informs me that your ponies are in excellent condition. Shall I send them down to you?"

"No!" replied Dan. "We shall ride on our steel steeds. It will not take us long to spin out to Saitama and see you. *Sai-o-nara!*"

When his family were gone, Benkei proceeded to the Tori, the Broadway of Tokio, and, entering a grand store, kept on the American plan by one Jiny-mon, inquired if the man had any sewing-machines in stock.

"Sir Doctor," replied the dealer, in Japanese, "since her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Haruko, has established so many sewing-schools for girls, we cannot keep a machine in stock. I shall be able to supply you with one next week, when I get my goods through the customs. I have a thousand cases on board the *Great Republic*."

While Ben was hunting in other stores, Johnnie slipped off to the *yashiki*, where he engaged carriers for the two large cases he had brought from the States.

He procured a scraper and plane, and, after removing his name on the covers, wrote on each package:

"The Princess Ichijo, of Haruko,
"Imperial Palace,
"Respectful offering. Tokio."

"Here," he remarked to the chief of the coolies, "convey these to the palace and leave them, and if any one inquires from whom they came, say they are from the American visitors."

The chief of the bearers told off twenty carriers, who slung the heavy loads on their lance-wood *tembimbo* (shoulder-sticks), and staggered off, yelling:

"*Ah-hai-hai! Ahai!*
Ho-hai-ho-ho. Haj-ah!"

As they turned the corner Benkei and the other chums came along and saw the burdens, though the latter were too far off for the young men to read the addresses.

"Where have you sent your mysterious cases, Johnnie?" inquired the doctor.

"You'll learn soon enough," grinned the wag, adding, to himself, "I'm going to cut you out, old man. It will be a jolly lark to marry a Japanese princess. Won't my folks stare?"

After the party had breakfasted, Ando came in, and they held a consultation.

"You are in luck," he observed. "The Mikado has given orders that you are to be entertained as his guests at all the public edifices, and has issued a notice instructing the manufacturers and shopkeepers to explain the secrets of their trades. I shall minutely record all your movements, and will make the people of the provinces hungry to see your faces."

"That's the perfection of advertising," said Don Mortimer.

"See here, boys," remarked Orville, "what place shall we visit first?"

"Let me suggest a trip to Asakusa," said the Prince. "It is the Central Park and Barnum's Museum of New York, and St. Paul's Cathedral, London, rolled in one. You ought to see it, and on your way back you can visit the Street of Printers and learn the Japanese art preservative."

The chums agreed to this, and on the following morning their bicycles were unpacked, cleaned and examined, and after a native breakfast of rice, tea and fish, they mounted their steel steeds, and amid the admiring shouts of small boys and coolies, started for their destination, via Nihon Bashi Bridge.

Strangely enough, theirs were the first bicycles ever seen in Tokio, so their swift, silent progress created no little excitement, the children yelling to those ahead:

"*Hi-no-to-jin Ema, rika sha!*" (Literally, Look out for the foreign devils on rolling wheels!)

Of course that was not very polite, although by it the youngsters had no intention of being saucy.

As the chums neared the bridge, they saw a crowd gathered on an open space to the left, noticing which, they ran in close to the assembly, when they beheld a human head resting on a post, above which was a placard inscribed:

"The head of the *ronin*, Chobei-no-Shimosa, executed for speaking disrespectfully of the horses of the Tenno. Remember this warning."

The party halted as Benkei translated the characters.

"There," he said, in English; "let that sink into your heart, Johnnie. You see a Nihonese dare not speak lightly even of the Tenno's animals, yet you presumed to touch the sacred person."

"But I'm not a Nihonese," grinned Brackett, "I'm the first professor of phrenology in Japan. The Tenno is too sensible to think of slicing off my head."

"Hush!" whispered the doctor. "There may be spies about."

"Mount!" cried Dan, and springing upon their bicycles, they urged them until they had attained full speed, when the machines rose with them up one side of the wooden arc of the Nihon Bashi, and swiftly vanished down the other, the crowd yelling:

"*Hai! hai! hai!*" (See! see! see!) one, more amazed than the rest, shouting:

"*Narn hodo! Iruku no I-jin nichi, siogo?*" (Well, I never! What will those foreigners do next—fly?)

The riders threaded in and out among the people, causing some of them to start and shudder with fear.

"Behold them," said a top-knotted old soldier to his son. "They are magicians. See, they move without noise, like the Tengu (long-nosed bogies). They have bewitched the Tenno. Never mind; we must rise and kill them all!"

He was one of the rebels, or Shogun-men, who to this day ascribe all the changes in Japan to the presence of foreigners, and would like to wipe them out.

These persons are still numerous in the country, and, spite of the number who are yearly executed, keep alive what is termed the *Yamato Damashi* (Spirit of Old Japan).

I explain this because the chums were going to have great trouble with one of these patriots.

The Nihonese accept the Tenno as a divinity, or a prospective one, and would never harm him, personally, but they say "If he listens to bad advisers, the latter must be decapitated," and these *ronins*, for they are little better, never hesitate to spill blood.

The young men kept steadily on over countless bridges, for Tokio is a network of canals and branches of the two rivers that join inside its walls, and in due time the procession arrived in the Asakusa district, two miles from the Nihon Bashi.

Here they were met by a bonze, who, saluting Benkei, said:

"Brother, have you forgotten me?"

He was one of the young Buddhists who were formerly Ben's comrades in the Temple of Iburi, and who had lately been permitted to resume their profession.

The Emperor had found it did not pay to persecute the Buddhists, and had ceased to suppress their temples.

Benkei looked at the shaven-headed bonze, and said, in a quiet voice:

"Of course I recognize you, Chokeki, but wish you to understand that I am now a *kua*" (noble).

"Oh, a thousand pardons, Sir Benkei," sarcastically responded the bonze. "I suppose the hair has grown on the burnt spots upon your head?"

This annoyed Ben, on whose pate were three bare patches, where the hair obstinately refused to be cultivated.

He felt ashamed of his words, and apologized, saying:

"A million pardons, brother Chokeki. I must not forget what Daruma said:

"'Remember your origin.
The *betto* (groom) always smells of the stable.'"

"Yes," dryly answered the bonze; "anybody but a blind man can see you were once one of us."

"How?" answered the doctor. "I thought I had become thoroughly Americanized."

"Indeed you have not," was the sly rejoinder. "When the temple-bell tolled just now, you, without thinking of it, bowed thrice. An old dog cannot forget his tricks."

"Confound it," snapped Ben, in English, "so I did."

"I am instructed by the Imperial orders to show you everything in our temples," said the bonze to Orville. "I have been waiting for your arrival ever since the hour of the hare." (Six to eight A. M.)

"You are very kind," answered the young man. "I am sorry we have kept you so long."

When he had introduced his companions they entered the grounds by the main approach, a broad, paved pathway, lined with booths filled with toys for children, restaurants and other places of refreshment for man and beast.

Every sort of ware, domestic and foreign, was here on sale; mixed up with the rest being sacred books, bells and candles, and all the stalls were crowded with buyers.

The chums had dismounted, and were walking by their bicycles, which, like themselves, were objects of great interest to the spectators.

As they were struggling through the fast-increasing assemblage, a sharp-witted fellow named Seki, who owned a double restaurant, called to the bonze, saying:

"Reverend sir, if the Mikado's guests desire to leave their *jokku* (literally, what's-his-names) I will take care of them, without charge, and be responsible for the safety of the machines."

"*Arigato!*" (Thank you), said Orv, answering promptly for their guide, and soon the bicycles were run into a back shed and locked up.

"Now we can enjoy ourselves," remarked Dan. "I think we shall have to keep our iron steeds for long journeys."

"Yes," added Benkei; "if we use them in the cities we shall always be surrounded by a mob."

Quitting the restaurant, they dived into a narrow alley between two lines of booths, and making a circuit about the first (burnt) gate arrived before the second, where they halted, and the bonze, pointing to two hideous, gigantic figures, painted red, that guarded the portal, said:

"Those are the gods Nio!"

"You don't say!" exclaimed Johnnie, in Japanese. "They're confounded homely, ain't they?"

The bonze smiled, and answered:

"Yes; but if they were comely the people would not fear them. They are handsome, compared with a pair in the Three Cuttle-fish Temple at Kioto, which are so frightful that only men are permitted to see them."

"These are as homely as potato-bugs," chuckled Brackett. "Proceed with the show."

The bonze pointed across the booth-crowded space ahead to the portals of a large and highly decorated building, and said:

"That is the main hall of the chief temple of Kuannon, or Kuanon."

"Say," demanded Johnnie, turning to a grating in front of the guardian figures, to which were attached a number of straw-sandals, such as coolies wear, some of the articles being big enough for the gods themselves, "why are those things strung up there, and why do yonder old women bang those wooden claws and ring those sleigh-bells?"

The bonze laughed, and said:

"Oh, the sandals are hung there as votive offerings by persons whom the gods Nio have cured of sore feet. Those pious women will, for a trifle, say prayers for you."

"No, thank you," grinned the wag, "I always do my own praying."

"Oh, *Samas!*" (my lords,) cried a wrinkled dame, who kept a bathing-establishment to the right, just inside the court-yard, "come in and wash yourselves before you offer prayers. Only two cash each, including a clean towel."

The chums declined this offer, and went on to a stall where another dame sold holy peas, pious rice and sanctified beans, which the orthodox Buddhists were eagerly purchasing and throwing to a cloud of sacred pigeons.

These birds seemed to be at home both inside and out of the temple, and their cooing sounded harmoniously with the chanting of the bonzes.

"Come and see the sacred ponies," said their guide, and entering a stable to the left, they beheld two bloated little brutes, guarded by a young girl, who also dealt in holy grain.

A young man was buying a small measure of peas, noticing which Johnnie said to him:

"Sir, what are you going to do with that?"

"To feed the sacred animals," answered the Japanese.

"Take my advice, my friend, and dont," solemnly observed Johnnie. "They're full now, and if you give them any more, they'll bust, like shells, and kill somebody."

The devotee smiled incredulously, paid his money and held out the food to the nearest pony.

The creature, after sniffing at the grain, declined it. This mortified the young man and caused quite a sensation in the stable, the priestess vowing that Johnnie had bewitched the ponies.

"Come," said the bonze. "If we stay here there will be trouble. I pray you not to make fun of the holy steeds."

"You must treat such things seriously," said Orville to Brackett. "When we traveled in this country before, we were most careful never to slight the religious belief of the people."

"My goodness, I only spoke for that unfortunate beast of a pony!" said Brackett. "If Bergh were here he'd arrest the whole crowd! The poor brute's skin isn't elastic!"

"Gentlemen," said the bonze, who breathed easier when they were clear of the stable, "we will now enter the sacred temple of the goddess Kuanon."

"Stop your larking, Johnnie!" urged Dan. "If you indulge in any more of this sort of thing, we won't take you along with us!"

The wag shrugged his shoulders; and, following their guide, the party ascended the copper-edged steps of the main temple, inside the door of which stood a huge bronze censer, surmounted by a hideous, rampant beast that seemed maddened by the cloud of incense rising about it. Around the top of the vessel were carved, in relief, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, which also represent the twelve hours of a Japanese day, viz.:

The hour of the Rat, midnight until 2 A. M.
The hour of the Ox, 2 A. M. until 4 A. M.
The hour of the Tiger, 4 A. M. until 6 A. M.
The hour of the Hare, 6 A. M. until 8 A. M.
The hour of the Dragon, 8 A. M. until 10 A. M.
The hour of the Snake, 10 A. M. until 12 noon.
The hour of the Horse, 12 noon until 2 P. M.
The hour of the Ram, 2 P. M. until 4. P. M.
The hour of the Ape, 4 P. M. until 6 P. M.
The hour of the Rooster, 6 P. M. until 8 P. M.
The hour of the Hog, 8 P. M. until 10 P. M.
The hour of the Fox, 10 P. M. until midnight.

Benkei explained these, and how the Japanese hours came to be two of ours in length, then bade his friends take a look at the swarm of worshipers on the floor of the temple.

The front of the main altar, like the one at Iburi, was protected by a wire screen, speckled all over with spitballs.

In the space outside were hundreds of devotees, men, women and children, maids, wives and widows, soldiers of the Mikado in full French uniform, farmers, merchants, scholars and *etas* (beggars), who, of late years, have been permitted to worship like any other Japanese.

Every now and then one of them would rise, go to a bonze, hand him some cash and receive a slip of paper, which the devotee would chew with closed eyes, and throw, with more or less good aim, at the screen.

After Johnnie had watched them a while, he produced his purse, and remarked to his chums:

"Boys, I mean to have a shy!" and marching gravely toward a bonze seated near, said: "Give me a dozen prayers. Now I'm in Japan, I'm going to follow native customs."

CHAPTER IV.

JOHNNIE BRACKETT GETS INTO A MUSS WITH A RONIN.

ORVILLE and Dan would have interfered and staid Johnnie from indulging in what he considered was "a good joke," had not Benkei prevented him, saying:

"Let him go ahead. So long as he follows the customs of the country he will not do any harm. You see, the people rather like it. They take him for a foreign Buddhist."

The brothers did not reply to this, and Brackett, who had used up his first purchase, said to the bonze who sold the papers:

"Come, bishop, let me have ten cents' worth more."

The worshipers paused in their prayers and watched the American man as he chewed his strips and threw his spitballs, some thinking he was in earnest and others that he was crazy.

All would have passed off pleasantly, had not an ex-Samurai (one of the late retainers of Keiki, the ex-Shogun or Tycoon, as he had been termed by the English) entered the temple to offer a gift to Kuanon.

In the old time, before foreigners arrived in Japan, the Shoguns (great generals) had kept the Mikados prisoners in Kioto, and had, aided by the Daimios (great nobles), ruled the country; but in 1864 the Emperor's friends, sick and weary of seeing him treated as a mere figurehead, and of having Japan governed by a soldier and his armed bullies, the Samurai (noble warriors) made a gallant attempt to change the state of things and to abolish the feudal system.

From that day until 1870 Nihon (Japan) was given over to a bloody civil war; the Shogun, who had nearly all the armed Samurai on his side, contesting every inch of ground with the men who desired to restore the Mikado, and to make the latter a real Emperor instead of his being a nonentity.

These brave men succeeded, and in 1871 the fighting Shogun, with his supporters, the Daimios and their followers, the two-sworded Samurai, were "retired to private life," their weapons confiscated and themselves ruined, while the young Mikado moved his court from Kioto to Yeddo, the title of which he changed to Tokio, thus transposing the letters forming the name of the old capital.

Now, although the Daimios had, after a stubborn resistance, given in and accepted the new order of things, or rather a return to the very ancient one, when the Mikado ruled without the interference of his head general, the Samurai were not, as a body, satisfied. They grieved to see their old chiefs, the Daimios, reduced to poverty, and to find themselves deprived of their beloved swords; so they secretly formed a society called the Yamato Damashi (Spirit of Old Japan), the objects of which were:

First—To send the Mikado back to his former seclusion.

Second—To restore the Shogun and feudal lords to power.

Third—To drive all foreigners out of Japan, and to return to the old order of things and style of dressing, and of wearing the hair in a gun-hammer top-knot.

This doctrine being, according to the Emperor's idea, rank treason, is not openly preached, but is professed secretly by the discontented Samurai, who, like obstinate pigs, wish to go back to their old system, when, under the Daimios, they used to swagger about the land and cut and slash at each other and their inferiors, by way of showing how sassy they felt.

They call themselves *Io-ri* (patriots), and talk proudly about the departed glory of Nihon, while the truth is, Japan was never so prosperous as now, and is, if she keeps on in her course of progress, destined to become the greatest nation in the East.

These *ronin* (wave men, or houseless wanderers) move about from city to city and fan the dying embers of the civil war.

They profess to venerate the Mikado, and say they are doing their best for him in killing his evil advisers, the foreigners. When caught and ordered to lose their heads, they die gamely for Yamato Damashi, and the people call them patriots.

It was one of these gentry, an ex-Samurai named Kura-no-Suké, who had come to make an offering to the god Kuanon, and who, on seeing the foreigners, ground his teeth and muttered to himself:

"Ah, there they are, those imps of Ema. They can be treated as equals by our Tenno, while my lord and master, Keiki, the Shogun, languishes in exile. Ah! if I only had my good sword on my hip I would emulate the gallantry of the forty-seven *ronins*, and rid the world of my lord's enemies."

While he was thinking thus he had cut off his gun-hammer top-knot, still worn by thousands of the Japanese who are faithful to the Emperor.

Kura-no-Suké had come to the temple to sacrifice his que of waxed hair and hang it near a large number of others, on the lattice-work screening the shrine of the goddess.

Outwardly, this would signify that he had totally renounced his faith in the past, and was willing to accept the new order of things, with a Mikado who moved among and personally ruled his subjects, the electric telegraph, postal service, and all the modern improvements introduced by the Americans and English.

Inwardly, it meant he would pretend to agree to the new régime, but that in his heart he was ready to die for his disgraced master, which, according to his old-fashioned ideas, was a very high-toned proceeding for a descendant of the warrior-gods.

Unfortunately for all concerned, this ragged, proud ex-Samurai (whom we shall in the future call by his abbreviated name of Kura), squinted so when he glanced toward Johnnie, and muttered to himself as described, Brackett could not refrain from letting fly a spit-ball.

The missive caught the *ronin* smack in the eye, and caused him, spite of the presence of the gods, to utter a cry of rage.

"You've done it now," said Benkei, as the angry man advanced toward them, while the worshipers rose and crowded about the party. "You had better apologize to that man; he is evidently bent on mischief." Then addressing Kura, who was quivering all over with rage, he observed, "This gentleman had no desire to hit you. He is the guest of our father, the Tenno, and you must *sago-ni-hoto*" (literally, put your feelings in your sleeve pocket).

The *ronin* knew it would never do for him to say who he was, as the temple-guards, who were Imperial soldiers, would immediately have arrested him as a traitor, and his head would have been sliced off; so, subduing his rage, he replied:

"I am only a poor *hinnin* (beggar, formerly a race any one could kill at pleasure). I came to offer my top-knot to Kuanon, in order to show my loyalty to the Tenno, when that *Guai-koku-jin* (Mr. Foreigner) insulted me."

"Ah!" replied Benkei, motioning Johnnie to be silent, "I perceive you are not a common person, but were once a noble Samurai."

Ben knew this by Kura having used the term, *Gua-koku-jin* instead of *I-jin*, the title applied to foreigners by the vulgar people.

The *ronin* bit his lips and averted his face, he by no means wishing to own the truth.

"No *eta* ever wore a top-knot," continued Ben. "Come, sir, you are a gentleman; make it up with my friend here, who had no desire to insult you."

By that time the crowd had closed about them, and Kura was afraid he might be denounced and arrested, notwithstanding which, he retained his bold front, and said:

"You are a *noble* who was once a bonze; I am the *hinnin* who was once a noble—*Bah-aie!* I would not change places with you. As to that, *Gua-koku-jin*, let him remember this:

"'When a *baka* (fool) goes out shooting,
And, aiming at a crow, hits an eagle,
Let him not plume himself upon his success.
He had better look out for his skin!'"

As he uttered the last word he vanished, the crowd parting to the right and left, and closing in again in order to aid his escape.

The *ronins*, like all outlaws, are objects of admiration to the masses of the people, who think it a brave thing to defy the "powers that be."

"Come," said Orville, in English, "let us get out of this. You have put your foot in it nicely, Brackett."

He led the way from the temple, the beauties of which they had but partly examined, and the friends emerged into the wide space behind the building, known as the *Oku-yama*.

"I'd like to know what great harm I have done," observed Johnnie, in an injured tone. "I really had no intention of potting that critter in the eye. It was a mere fluke."

"Your folly may cost you your head," said Dan, who knew all about the Samurai, and how they gloried in what they termed dying for their lords and the Spirit of Old Japan. "That man was making a solemn vow when your spitball struck him, and he will follow you like a bloodhound, and never rest until he has revenged the insult."

"Oh, go on," chuckled the wag. "I was praying in Japanese fashion. If he wanted to kill me, why did he not do it then?"

"That isn't the Samurai's way," gravely answered Benkei. "He will steal upon you unawares, and off will go your head."

"He was unarmed, sir," put in the bonze. "The Mikado has deprived the Samurai of their swords and issued an edict forbidding such arms to be carried or owned by any but his soldiers. Now, a *ronin* noble would scorn to use any other weapon than his trusty *sukesada* (a famous make of swords like the Toledo blades) and his *ko-hatàna*." (Literally "address-card"—a short-dirk, formerly worn with the long sword, in the waist sash of a Samurai). "He will yet try to take your head."

"The Samurai appear to be very high-toned roosters!" laughingly observed Johnnie. "I have read about them in my friend's books, when I was at Harvard, and think they would quarrel with us, anyhow, so that spitball scrape don't worry me at all. He is, like one of the boys at Donnybrook Fair, spoiling for a fight, and if he likes he can borrow a sword and try his hand upon yours truly. I shall not trouble myself about him!"

"I wish you would not be so thoughtless," said Orville, testily. "This is just what I was afraid of when we agreed to let you join our party."

"I didn't want to disappoint you," slyly answered Brackett; "I said I meant to have a good time, and I'm going to do it. I'm not dead yet!"

"But you will be dogged and cut down from behind by that *ronin!*" remarked Dan, in a reproachful voice. "He will not permit you to quit Tokio alive!"

"Then you must have me embalmed and expressed, wherever you go, as baggage!" was the wag's comical rejoinder. "Don't you worry, chums; Johnnie won't be so easily disposed of as you imagine!" Then, addressing their guide, he addded: "Come, Reverend Mr. Chokeki, where is the goddess Kuanon kept? I am a phrenologist, and would like to examine her bumps!"

The bonze laughed heartily at this, and said:

"Sir, Kuanon is not shown to any one! I believe the sacred image is only about an inch and eight-tenths in height. Of course you know its history?"

They had entered a tea-house in the grounds, and Orville had ordered refreshments for the party.

These were brought by neatly costumed waitresses, who smiled very sweetly upon the foreigners and charged them twice as much as they did their own countrymen.

As the chums sipped their tea, the bonze said:

"In the days of the Emperor Suiko, a certain noble, named Hashi-no-Nakatomo, fell into disgrace, and, leaving the court, turned *ronin*. As he was poor, he, with two retainers, who followed his fortunes, became a fisherman, and they were one day dragging their nets in the Asakusa River, that flows at the foot of these grounds, when, at every throw, in lieu of fish, they pulled up a small figure of the goddess Kuanon."

"I suppose that made them hopping mad?" said Johnnie, who had lighted a big cigar and was listening attentively. "It was worse than catching sculpin."

"Yes," nodded the bonze; "they became so angry that they swore at the figure and pitched it overboard again and again, but it always came up in the net, and cast the latter where they would, they caught nothing but the little image."

"Derned funny!" muttered Brackett, in English.

The bonze paused in order to sip his tea and take a mouthful of candied sweet-potato, then continued:

"Hashi was so amazed that he ceased swearing, and carried home the sacred image and built this temple on Golden Dragon Hill, where he lived and died. That is why the goddess is always represented with a net over her shoulders. Is it not a wonderful legend?"

"Hashi was smart," quietly replied Brackett. "You bet he was tired of netting fish for a living, so carved an image of Kuanon and put up a little gag on his innocent followers. He was a first-class practical joker."

The bonze and Benkei glanced significantly at each other, and the chums laughed, Orville presently remarking:

"Come, Johnnie, promise us, after this, to keep from playing tricks on the people. It's really a very dangerous pastime."

"All right!" he answered. "In future I will be as grave as an undertaker."

CHAPTER V.

THE PRACTICAL JOKER COMES TO GRIEF.

ORVILLE paid for their refreshments, and amid the *Sai-o-naras* of the waitresses, the party quitted the tea-house.

Re-entering the main temple, which they found comparatively deserted, they inspected the worn-out image of the God Bin-zuru (one of Buddha's original sixteen disciples), reputed to cure disease.

It was a mere greasy block of wood, its mouth, nose, ears, eyes and chin having been long before polished into one.

"This is the genuine image of Bin-zuru," gravely observed the attendant bonze. "By rubbing it you may cure any disease."

The chums were passing the thing, which was surrounded by women, when Johnnie said, in a loud voice:

"Stop, boys; I've got a bad corn that wants curing. I'm going to have a rub."

"Oh, come along!" urged Dan. "I thought you promised to stop joking?"

"This ain't a joke," he solemnly replied, and approaching the grinning bonze in charge, he demanded, "How much does it cost to cure a soft corn?"

"You are the Tenno's guest," said the half-choking bonze. "We do not want any money from you."

"Good enough!" cried the wag; then, spite of the remonstrances of his friends, he pulled off his socks and gravely rubbed his right little toe on the stumpy, battered face of the god, remarking, as he did so, "It's dissolving already."

They had left their shoes with an old woman in the portal of the temple, and were, like the native worshipers, in their stocking-feet.

"Here, stop that!" said Dan, in English. "You ought to know better, Johnnie. You're encouraging superstition."

"Oh, but it's working like a charm," he murmured.

"Won't you have a rub, boys? It may cure your bad tempers."

"You're incorrigible, Brack," said Dan, who seldom spoke, being most of the time engaged in taking notes. "I thought you promised not to turn the belief of the people into ridicule?"

"Confound it! Am I doing so now?" he cried, giving his toe a final rub; then, holding it up, he said, in Japanese, "Hurrah! it's all right again!"

"A miracle!" shouted the bonze who tended the image.

"Here!" hissed Orville, as he seized his chum's arm and compelled him to move on; "Stop that, Johnnie. You know you had no corn. Why try to fool the people worse than they are now?"

"Go along!" slyly answered the joker, as he paused and resumed his socks. "I couldn't fool them any more than their bonzes do. I'm in earnest. My miracle is as good as Kuanon's."

They led him out into the temple-grounds, and pointed to the figures of men and animals formed out of dwarf shrubs and trees.

"What beautiful azaleas!" exclaimed Don, as they entered a garden filled with those plants.

"Yes," said their guide, "this is one of the sights of Asakusa. During second moon (Feb.) people come here to see the plum-blossoms, in the fourth they flock out to view the cherry-blossoms, in the seventh the lotos-flowers gem our ponds; now the azaleas are in their full glory, and later on we have a magnificent show of imperial chrysanthemums and camellias, while all the year round people are enraptured at beholding our evergreens."

"Take me back to the temple," murmured Johnnie. "I can see flowers in the States, but not bunches of old straw-shoes and men's top-knots, done up in dozens, like those on the screens of the shrines inside. Take me back, boys; my corn is troubling me again, and I want to have another rub."

In vain the bonze showed him a "praying-machine" (a stone wheel in a stone post), and led the way into an octagon temple, in which were ranged sculptured efficies of the "Five hundred original disciples of Buddha." Johnnie would have none of them, and closing his eyes, made Ben lead him around like a blind man.

At length the bonze, who was tickled to death with Brackett's eccentricities, said:

"Sir, would you like to behold the figure of Ema, the god of Hell?"

"No," gravely answered the wag. "I want to rub my corn on that old stump again. Take me back! oh, take me back!"

"See here, Brack," said Ben; "there's a better lot of waxworks in this place than in the Boston Museum."

"You don't say!" he shouted. "I'm on there. Lead the way, Reverend Mr. Chokey—Cho-ke-ki. I suppose you never heard about the little gag I put up on Sir Benkei Yuzo, eh?"

"No, sir," grinned the bonze, who owed Ben one for cutting him that morning. "I thought my late *brother* was too clever to be tricked."

To the doctor's annoyance, Brackett related the entire adventure, ending with:

"I tell you it was funny to see old Ben sitting there, with the country folks gathered round the glass-front, saying: 'He moves; he *ain't* waxworks, be he?'"

"That is enough," sternly observed Ben, who hated to hear his old chum, the bonze, laugh at the story. "I do not thank you, Brackett, for repeating that tale."

"There you go, getting your mad up at the slightest thing," said Johnnie. "Ben, I always thought you could take a joke;" adding to himself: "I'll get even with you presently, my boy."

The bonze conducted them to one of the buildings on the rear and left of the main temple, and as they entered, Benkei said:

"These are called waxworks, while really there is very little of that substance about them."

"You remember most of the Boston effigies had only waxen heads, hands and feet," remarked Johnnie. "The pirate you tumbled over had straw stuffing.'

"Hang the Boston figures!" snapped Benkei. "I wish you would stop, Johnnie."

While they were getting checks for their shoes in the porch of the building, the aged bonze in charge came out, and was introduced to them by their guide as the *do-jer* (custodian of the thirty-five tableaux, representing the miracles wrought by Kuanon).

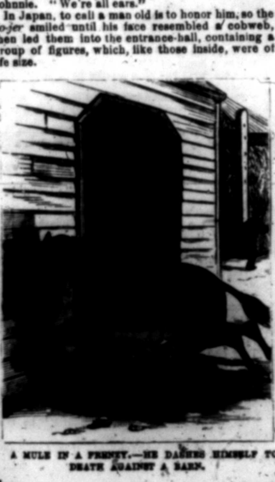
He was a little, sly, weazen-faced old man, so Johnnie nick-named him "Reverend Dodger."

"You are lucky," began the bonze. "For some reason there are no visitors to this temple to-day, although I hear that the lower end of the grounds are swarming with devotees. I am glad you understand our language, and have made this pious pilgrimage. These sacred figures, of which there are seven hundred in the thirty-two tableaux, are renowned all over the world."

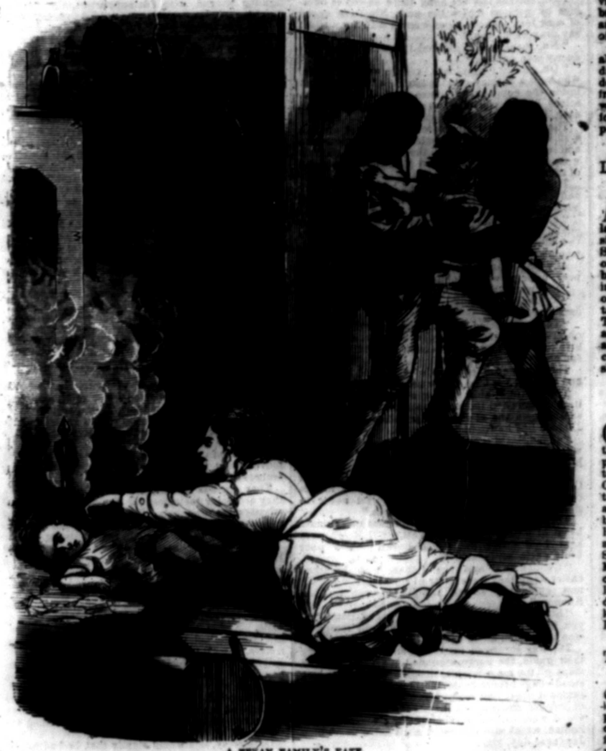
[The writer of this story has seen these wonderful waxworks, and can confirm the above statement.]

"Go ahead, Reverend Dodger," gravely observed Johnnie. "We're all ears."

In Japan, to call a man old is to honor him, so the *do-jer* smiled until his face resembled a cobweb, then led them into the entrance-hall, containing a group of figures, which, like those inside, were of life size.



A MULE IN A FRENZY.—HE DASHES HIMSELF TO DEATH AGAINST A BARN.



A TEXAN FAMILY'S FATE.

"This," said the old man, bowing reverently, "represents the image of Kuanon, drawn out to stay a plague."

"Excuse me, Reverend Dodger," solemnly inquired Brackett; "where is the plague?"

The old fellow chuckled audibly, and mumbled:

"That vanished at the sight of the goddess Kuanon."

"How old was she when she performed this miracle?" said the irrepressible wag. "She must have grown after they netted her."

The *do-jer* hid his face in the fold of his robe, and leading the way into the inner or grand hall, choked a tendency to snicker, and said:

"In the first tableaux, a learned lady prays to Kuanon and is heard."

"How do folks know she is learned?" asked Johnnie, as gravely as though he were in earnest. "Where is her graduating certificate?"

"They can tell by the pile of books on her left hand," returned the bonze; then he turned aside and laughed in his sleeve.

Brackett was about to observe that the presence of the volumes was no proof, when the *do-jer*, leading them to the next group, said:

"This represents Kuanon in the form of a beautiful woman, appearing to a diligent bonze."

"He's dead gone in love with her, isn't he?' said Johnnie, poking their guide in the ribs. "Say, Reverend Dodger, did she ever pay *you* a visit?"

"*Keck, keck, keck,*" snickered the old man, and even Benkei enjoyed the joke, which, as they were not surrounded by worshipers, did not hurt any one's feelings.

"Don't carry things too far, Brack," whispered Orv.

"I'm not touching the images," retorted Johnnie. "You leave me alone, chum."

As they were speaking, a young bonze entered and told the *do-jer* that there was a crowd of seventeen thousand visitors about the restaurant, where the foreign gentlemen had left their "walking wheels," and that Seki was coining money by exhibiting the articles.

"He's a smart fellow, and deserves all he gets," said Johnnie. "Come, Reverend Dodger, I'm hungry to see some more of Kuanon's performances."

"Miracles," corrected the old man, whose mouth twitched with fun. "This third tableau represents a young maiden who was suddenly restored to health by the favor of Kuanon."

"How red her nose looks!" murmured Brackett. "You bet she took bitters."

The *do-jer* snickered again, he having lately repaired the young woman's nasal organ, and laid on too much red composition.

He described the forth and fifth tableaux, and in the latter pointed out a red-hot cart with wheels and axles of fire, in which demons were carrying off a robber who had desecrated a temple of the goddess.

The sixth group was a wonderful affair, representing a noble of the Mikado's court overcoming and binding the god of thunder.

"He has set out to do a tough job, has he not?" said Orville.

"Yes, but he accomplished it," replied the *do-jer*. "It showed the power of Kuanon."

"I should rather think it showed the strength of his muscles," slyly insinuated Johnnie. "What did he do with the creature—eat it?"

"Excuse me," solemnly answered the old man; "that creature, as you term it, is Futen, the Thunder god. You cannot eat thunder or drink lightning."

"Oh, our folks can," said Brackett. "We have a famous brand made in a place called New Jersey."

"Now, you speak in parables," said the *do-jer*. "You are a wonderful people—ride flying wheels, talk through a wire under the sea, and do all manner of magical things, but you have no goddess Kuanon."

"We could soon make one if there was any demand," said Johnnie.

The eighth tableau represented a devout bonze, who, aided by Kuanon, bearded Ema, the god of Hell, and forced him to reply to certain questions respecting souls he held in his clutches.

Ema is represented with a scarlet face, terrible to behold; on seeing which Brackett pretended to faint.

"Here, stop this fooling, Brack," said Orv, in English.

"Oh," gasped Johnnie, "my poor old *aunt!* Died ten years ago! So like her! Let me shed a tear!"

The *do-jer* listened respectfully, and not understanding Johnnie's speech, inquired, in Japanese, what ailed him.

The joker wept artistically, and mopped his eyes as though terribly overcome, then sobbed:

"Leave me, Reverend Dodger. That," indicating the hot-faced, three-eyed god, "is so like my deceased aunt Emma. Of course she only had two eyes, and spelt her name with two m's. Still the likeness is most—boo-hoo-hoo—affecting. Leave me a while to weep. I'll join you presently."

"Come along, chums," said Dan, who, like the rest of the party, could not avoid laughing at the wag's antics. "I'm not going to stay here all day while he fools round."

They went on, leaving Brackett gazing on the face of the image, and presently entered a side room containing the ninth and tenth tableaux.

As soon as they were out of sight Johnnie ceased his ejaculations, pocketed his handkerchief and chuckled to himself, then murmured:

"Now, I've got rid of them for a while, I'll have a quiet smoke."

Poor fellow, he little thought how his joke was about to end.

Seating himself on the steps of the recess containing the eighth tableau, under the outstretched arms of the hideous figure of Ema, he calmly drew a cigar and match from his pocket, and was soon smoking and thinking of what a "jolly good lark" he had had with the aged *do-jer*.

The hall was thickly matted, and he did not hear the approach of a man who presently entered, and who, after regarding him savagely, drew a sword from his ragged sleeve and advanced upon his victim.

This intruder was the *ronin*, Kura, who had borrowed a weapon from one of the acrobats performing on the main avenue of the temple gardens.

Kura had sworn a solemn oath to kill Brackett, and had vowed to deposit Johnnie's head before the graves of the forty-seven *ronins* in the cemetery of the Sengakuji temple, and thus show his countrymen that the *Yamato Damashi* (Spirit of Old Japan) was not dead.

Grasping his keen-edged sword with both his hands, he crept nearer and nearer to the unconscious young man, then, as he reached him, raised the weapon, and made "the Samurai cut," aiming for the nape of Jonnie's neck.

(To be continued.)

A MULE IN A FRENZY.

A FEW days ago a little son of J. G. Philpot who resides four miles west of Lebanon, Tenn., went to the barn to feed one of his mules. When he entered the stable the usually docile animal rushed at him and seized him, crushing his arm between his iron jaws. With great difficulty the terrified youth made his escape from the infuriated brute. When the mule found that his intended victim had escaped, he became frantic, and began breaking down the stalls next his own, using mouth and heels, until he succeeded in making his way out of the stable.

When he found himself at liberty he trotted off about twenty yards, when, suddenly wheeling, he dashed full tilt at the barn, striking it with tremendous force. He then commenced tearing the flesh from his body, and did not desist until he became so weak that he could not longer stand. He suffered for hours, and finally died in great agony. This is, perhaps, the first mule suicide upon record.

LITTLE MARY EVANS AND THE BASIN OF GUNPOWDER.

A SINGULAR and fatal accident happened recently at Hindly Green, near Wigan, in England, by which a little girl named Mary Evans, aged six years, lost her life. She was the daughter of Samuel Evans, fireman and beer-seller. About one pound of gunpowder was borrowed from Evans by a neighbor, and returned on the following evening. Mrs. Evans received the powder, but, having occasion to fetch some beer, she left a basin containing the powder at the bottom of the stairs. The child, being shortly afterward sent up-stairs on an errand with a candle, stumbled against the basin and dropped the candle into it. The powder, of course, exploded, and the child was so injured that she died.

A TEXAN FAMILY'S FATE.

CAPTAIN COONEY, of the Ninth Cavalry, stationed near Camp Colorado, Texas, reports that the girl not long since found by a surveying party hanging to a tree and scalped was the daughter of Mr. Williams, who lives twelve miles below Camp Colorado, on Jimneds Creek. The Indians attacked the house during the absence of Williams and his son, and tried to force Mrs. Williams away, but finally they shot her with an arrow and pistol. Her girl the Indians took along, and her infant son, about seven months old, they threw into the fire. She died that night, and the baby a week after. Mrs. Williams, who was shot near the house, crawled to her baby, and took it out of the fire. Her older son came just in time to see his mother dying, and to quench her thirst. Incidents of this kind do not recommend the "Quaker policy" with Indians.

THE BARGE "CHESAPEAKE" CAPTURED BY A LEOPARD.

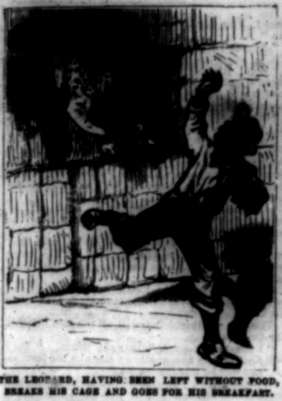
SOME time since one of our ocean steamers brought over a fine leopard for the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens. The animal was purchased in Hamburg for $500, and was one of the few male leopards in the country, was about two years old, and the largest and handsomest of his kind that has ever reached the west coast of the Atlantic. When he reached New York he was housed in an iron-barred cage, surrounded by a strong wooden box. So closely did the covering fit over the cage that the 'longshoremen, in handling it, had no suspicion of its contents. The package was transferred to a barge, and in due time the barge reached Philadelphia, under tow of a tug. The officers of the barge neglected to provide either food or drink for the animal, and when he reached port he was in fine condition for stowing away a hearty meal.

One of the negroes employed about the Clyde wharf unlocked the sliding-door leading to the "'tween decks" of the barge, opened it, and walked in. He was greeted with a low growl, and the leopard sprang from the top of a pile of bales of wool, giving the man barely time to escape. An investigation by the captain showed that the timber in which the iron-bars of the leopard's cage had been set was rotten, and that the animal had escaped from his pen, and was roaming at large directly under the skipper's cabin.

The walls that held him were made of inch boards, and with a clear swing for a thirty feet jump, he could easily have gone through them. The officers of the line saw the great danger of the animal's getting loose and making his way into the city, and the barge was towed to the middle of the Delaware, the owners of her cargo of cotton, wool and hides meanwhile demanding "demurrage" for the delay in unloading, and for every twenty-four hours that the leopard kept command of the upper deck the company was put to a loss of over a hundred dollars.

The wharves in the vicinity of Pier No. 4, North, were crowded all day, everybody expecting that the leopard would make a meal off of somebody else before the day closed. In the afternoon two keepers from the Zoological Gardens arrived, the hatch was slightly raised, and the leopard was seen sleeping with one eye open on top of a pile of bales. He was continually on the watch for something to eat, and when a boy put his face down to a grating in the deck he put one of his paws through and reached for his face, but missed it by an inch or so,

LITTLE MARY EVANS AND THE BASIN OF GUNPOWDER.

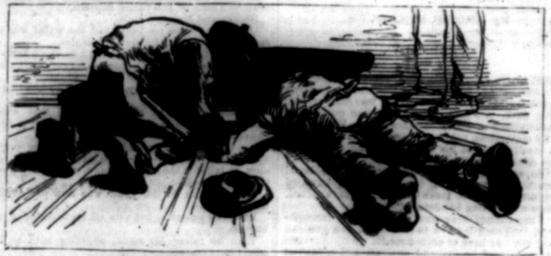


THE LEOPARD, HAVING BEEN LEFT WITHOUT FOOD, BREAKS HIS CAGE AND GOES FOR HIS BREAKFAST.

and drew his paw in again with such force that a piece was torn out of the deck where his claw struck.

At night the laden barge lay in the middle of the river, the nominal captain and his family sleeping uneasily on the deck above, and the actual skipper keeping his silent vigil below.

All next day the barge lay in midstream, and the animal trainers made several ineffectual efforts to throw a lasso over the leopard's head. An inhalation of chloroform was also proposed, but nobody knew how much to give. At length two negroes rowed out, and boarding the barge, offered to enter the leopard's lair and capture him for fifty dollars each. The offer was at once accepted, and the sanguine darkeys started for the sliding-door. But when they looked through the bars, and saw the animal twisting himself into S's and figure 8's, and licking his chops as if nothing but a fat, full-grown darkey would satisfy his hunger, they threw up the contract and rowed ashore. They had scarcely disappeared before two professional lion-tamers boarded the barge, and said that it would be about half an hour's work, and easy work, to capture the hungry animal—price one hundred. It was soon settled that they should try it, the boat's crew being put under their orders.



TWO NEGROES ENGAGE TO CAGE HIM, BUT THROW UP THE CONTRACT.

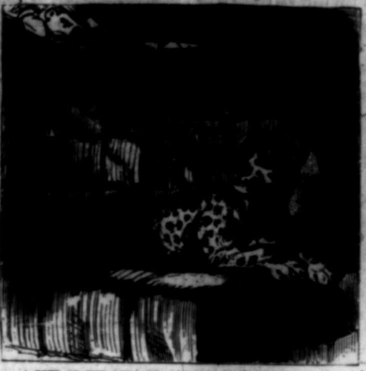
The leopard had taken a stand in the forward part of the den, and, after the barge had been towed ashore, a strong barricade of tarpaulins, sails, and woolsacks was built forward of the main hatch, and a fire-engine was taken alongside, and a hose was thrown aboard. The two tamers took the nozzle, and, pointing it toward the two eyes that glared in the darkness, gave the order for the engineer to "Let her go; play up strong." By the time the pipe was fairly swelled, the two lion-tamers were making rapid transit for the deck, the leopard having sprung with such force against the barricade that it trembled and almost fell, the animal entirely disregarding the powerful stream of water that played straight in his face. An officer from the Zoological Gardens then appeared, with three Babcock fire-extinguishers, and for half an hour "Spotty" was deluged with carbonic acid gas, but without the slightest effect.

TWO LION-TAMERS TRY THE SOOTHING EFFECTS OF A DOUCHE BATH FROM THE HOSE OF A FIRE-ENGINE.

At last, the President of the Zoological Society suggested that as the leopard had so long been without food or water, a shifting trap should be brought from the gardens baited with raw meat, and an effort made to coax the animal into it.

The cargo, he thought, might be unloaded aft while the leopard was barricaded forward, and forward while he was imprisoned aft. This was done, and then the barge was towed to her old position near the middle of the river, north of Smith's Island. A wooden trap, about five feet long by three feet high and deep, with iron bars at the ends, was set like an old-fashioned figure 4 trap.

When the tamers announced that all was ready, and prepared to slide open the door, there was a general scamper for the gunwales, everybody believing that, if the leopard should get loose, the safest place would be in the water. Carefully the door was slid back, disclosing the four slight boards that, nailed across the opening above the top of the cage, were all that prevented the hungry animal from making his way to the open deck.

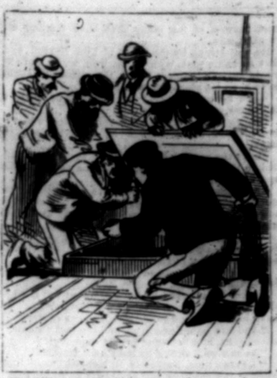


A PEEP AT THE LEOPARD SLEEPING WITH ONE EYE OPEN.

The trap once set, the trainers said that the only chance for a capture was to keep perfectly quiet and let the leopard take his own time for smelling out the meat. The tug drew aboard her hawser and steamed ashore, leaving the spotted, hungry devil and eight men alone in the middle of the Delaware River. Then everybody began to appreciate the comfort of the wheelhouse, where a little coal stove was making everything red-hot, and for the next half hour the stores of sea and hunting yarns were skillfully overhauled. Suddenly a slight jar was heard below, and somebody exclaimed:

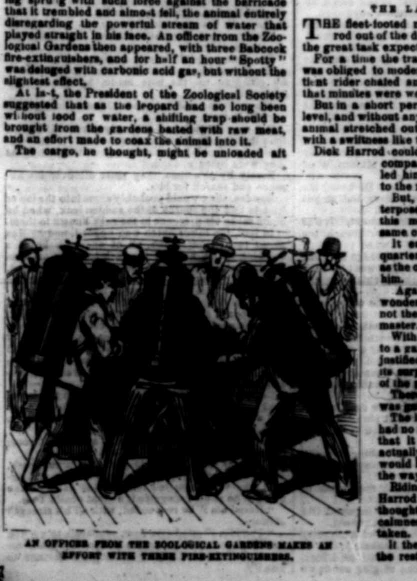
"Caged! By George, the trap's sprung!"

There was a rush for the door; and, after a careful look below, the men slid down the companionways, and found the leopard safely caged in his little house.

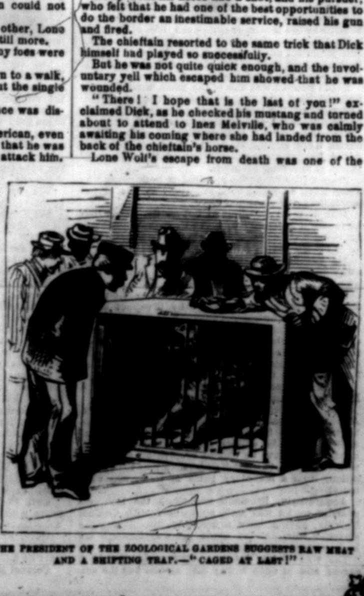


THE LEOPARD DECLINES TO BE ROPED IN WITH A LASSO.

At ten o'clock the tug towed the barge ashore again, and before noon the shifting trap was loaded on a truck, and the beautiful animal ate his dinner in his new home in the Zoological Gardens.



AN OFFICER FROM THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS MAKES AN EFFORT WITH THREE FIRE-EXTINGUISHERS.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS SUGGESTS RAW MEAT AND A SHIFTING TRAP.—"CAGED AT LAST!"

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE LAST PURSUIT.

THE fleet-footed mustang which bore Dick Harrod out of the death valley acted as if he knew the great task expected of him.

For a time the traveling was so difficult that he was obliged to moderate his speed, and the impatient rider chafed and fumed at the delay, feeling that minutes were worth worlds to him now.

But in a short period the ground became more level, and without any word from the lover the noble animal stretched out his neck and away he went, with a swiftness like that of the swallow.

Dick Harrod could not forget the point of the compass whence came the cry that led him out at such a terrific speed to the rescue of Inez Melville.

But, as if fate had consented to interpose in his behalf, he caught, at this most opportune moment, the same cry again.

It emanated from precisely the quarter that he had fixed in his mind as the one where his beloved expected him.

Again the mustang showed his wonderful intelligence, which needed not the guiding hand or voice of his master.

With a faint whinny he settled down to a gait so tremendous that it fully justified the boast its owner made of its surpassing that of any quadruped of the plains.

There could be no doubt that he was gaining rapidly on Lone Wolf.

The latter, it is natural to suppose, had no fears of pursuit, and if he knew that it was on foot in the shape it actually was, it is not likely that he would have taken pains to get out of the way.

Riding thus steadily forward, Dick Harrod had time to collect his thoughts, and to think with some calmness on the task he had undertaken.

It the Apache chieftain was with the rest of his warriors it would be madness to attempt the rescue of the fair captive. But the pursuer felt a strong hope that Lone Wolf was alone.

There was not much ground for this belief, but it seemed to Dick that, inasmuch as the mustang of the leader of the Apaches was obliged to carry a double load, he would probably fall in the rear of the rest, every one of which was forced to his utmost.

It was not likely that Lone Wolf would feel that any necessity existed for great haste on his part, after getting clear of the Death Valley and its hobgoblin occupants.

Again the lover fancied that Inez herself would not shriek for help in this manner if she did not see there was a hope for her rescue — which could not have been the case, if her immediate captor was among a score of others.

These various grounds, it must be admitted, were slight and fragile enough, but, taken together, they raised the strongest hopes in the breast of the lover bearing down with such speed upon the Apache chieftain, who had no thought of danger from such a source.

The course taken by Lone Wolf was such that it soon led over much smoother prairie than any traversed.

This was as Dick wished it, for it was that much in favor of his matchless courser of the plains.

The maddened pursuer leaned as far forward as he could upon his horse, peering into the gloom, in quest of the daring abductor of the daughter of Colonel Melville.

It was not long thereafter that his ears, strained to the same intensity with his eyes, caught the sound of hoofs on the plain in front.

Yes, he was gaining, and his heart gave a throb of hope at the consciousness.

Within a dozen seconds from the sound, he caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure gliding along the prairie in front.

Faster and faster thundered the pursuing mustang, and the heart of Dick Harrod deepened and expanded.

Could it be possible?

Ay, Lone Wolf was alone. None of his warriors were to be seen, as he came into plainer view every second.

The pursuer could scarcely restrain a shout, for he felt that the prize was as good as won.

The chief must have learned of the pursuit before this, for a cry from Inez showed that she knew a friend was coming, and the red villain could not have failed to learn it as soon as she.

As the two came in sight of each other, Lone Wolf slackened the speed of his horse still more.

He evidently wished to learn how many foes were after him.

When he had drawn his mustang down to a walk, his ears and eyes told him there was but the single white man.

In the darkness his ugly countenance was disfigured by a scornful smile.

He would teach this audacious American, even though it was Long Jim Shafto himself, that he was not afraid of any single scout that dared attack him.

So he slowed the speed of his beast more and more, until he came to a dead halt.

All this time Dick did not slacken the gait of his own steed, until he was within fifty feet of him.

They then saw each other distinctly, and Dick thought it prudent to come to a standstill.

For a minute they were a confronted in this fashion, neither speaking nor stirring.

The white man held a loaded rifle in his grasp, but he dared not fire it in the gloom, through fear of injuring Inez Melville.

The latter did not recognize her pursuer, and had she done so, it is not likely she would have addressed him by name.

Dick was on the point of starting his horse forward again, when he was thrilled by the sharp warning from the girl.

"Look out! he's going to shoot!"

Quick as thought Dick threw himself over on the other side of his horse as far as he could without falling.

He was just in time to save his life, for almost at the same instant there was a flash and report, and the bullet from Lone Wolf's rifle sped over the saddle and prone body of the white man.

There was no time to lose, and Dick dashed his steed forward, with the purpose of shooting the savage who had come so near killing him.

Lone Wolf was too cunning to allow himself to be caught in this fashion, and he struck his horse into a dead run, intending to keep so far away that his foe would not dare fire through fear of hitting his charge.

At the same time he began reloading his rifle.

And here the great speed of Dick Harrod's horse showed up to incalculable advantage.

He gained rapidly upon the fugitive, in spite of the utmost the latter could do.

A few minutes sufficed to reduce the distance by three-fourths.

Then it was that the treacherous Apache chieftain resorted to the artifice of keeping the person of Inez Melville between him and his pursuer, so that a shot to reach him must first pass through her body.

Dick held his gun ready to discharge, but where the risk was so fearful a one he did not dare take it.

How the singular combat would have terminated it is difficult to say, had not the girl herself taken part in the affray—a part, too, that was as unexpected as it was effective and characteristic.

She understood what the trouble was, and by a sudden and desperate turn of her body, while Lone Wolf was partly occupied in reloading his rifle, she flung herself not only free from his grasp, but did it so quickly that she dropped from the back of the mustang to the ground, her great dexterity saving her from falling to the earth.

Lone Wolf saw that his prize was gone and the game he was playing was lost.

It was useless to try to recover her, and all he could do was to take care of himself.

Away went his horse like a shot, and his pursuer, who felt that he had one of the best opportunities to do the border an inestimable service, raised his gun and fired.

The chieftain resorted to the same trick that Dick himself had played so successfully.

But he was not quite quick enough, and the involuntary yell which escaped him showed that he was wounded.

"There! I hope that is the last of you!" exclaimed Dick, as he checked his mustang and turned about to attend to Inez Melville, who was calmly awaiting his coming where she had landed from the back of the chieftain's horse.

Lone Wolf's escape from death was one of the most narrow of the many that have marked his eventful career.

He was struck by the bullet of Dick Harrod, and hurt so badly that, with all his iron nerve and extraordinary endurance, it was the utmost he could do to keep his place upon his horse.

When he had ridden some distance he made a call to his warriors for help.

This call, after repeating several times, was answered, and the assistance he so sorely needed came.

Under the care of his faithful braves he was carried to the nearest village, where he received the best attention.

Unfortunately, their efforts were successful in restoring this pest of the border to his full strength and health, and in a few weeks he was at his old tricks again.

Galloping up to where Inez was awaiting him, the delighted Dick Harrod stooped over the saddle of his mustang and lifted her up to a seat in front.

As he did so he pressed her to his heart and kissed her again and again.

"God be thanked!" he murmured. "He has shown his mercy in a most wonderful way. We have been snatched from the very jaws of death."

"And are father and Ned and the rest all safe?" asked Inez, in a flutter of joyous expectancy.

"As safe as if sitting by their own fireside."

"I thank thee, Father of all mercies," said Inez, looking reverentially and gratefully up to heaven.

"Never can we thank Him enough," added Dick, whose heart was overflowing with gratitude to their heavenly parent.

"How nobly you risked your life for me!" said the maiden, in a low tone that thrilled the heart of her lover.

"I would gladly risk it a thousand times for the affection of such a dear girl as you."

And then there was a series of sounds such as must have been made by the ardent application of two lips to a pair of blushing cheeks of one of the fairest of Eve's daughters.

And the recipient did not say him nay, but comforted herself like one who was not particularly displeased thereat.

"I wonder if I have won the love of Inez Melville?" said Dick, in low tones, as if he were communing with himself.

"I suspect that he has," was the answer that came back to his enraptured senses.

And then again there sounded something that surely must have been made by kisses beyond all peradventure.

Lone Wolf was forgotten by the happy lovers, and if he had presented himself at that instant, it is scarcely likely he would have received so much as a passing notice.

The fleet-footed mustang was on a slow walk, just as though he knew that that style of traveling was most agreeable to those whom he was so proudly bearing back to their friends.

"How was it that you were stolen from us?" asked Dick, as they made their way back toward the entrance to Auka-Yata.

"It was all done so quickly that I did not understand it at the time; you know everything was thrown into confusion by the appearance of the Phantom and the other person, and while I was trying to get an idea of what it meant, I was lifted from my horse and borne away. I thought it was you who was taking me from the dreadful place, and never found out the truth till a few minutes afterward, when Lone Wolf said something which I do not remember. When I found that he was carrying me away I screamed, though he threatened to kill me if I didn't stop. But I would have preferred death to his taking me off, and he couldn't stop me. I guess it was all well," added Inez, naively, "for it brought you, the dearest of earth—excepting father and Ned—to my help."

The ride back was inexpressibly sweet and joyous, and a few minutes later they joined their anxious friends, Long Jim and Mickey, coming in shortly afterward from their attempt to help in the rescue.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MYSTERY UNRAVELED.

WHEN Dick Harrod started on his pursuit of Lone Wolf, it will be recalled that the friend of the party walked to his side and handed him his rifle.

As he did this and made some remark, he was recognized by the scouts and Ned Melville.

He was Elijah Snooks.

This was the individual who, having left the whites in such a curious manner some nights before, now reappeared so opportunely, and did a service which was the means of saving the lives of them all.

On the heels of this identification came thanks and inquiries, and Snooks, when he found he had Dick and Inez back again, and all together, told his story, which we condense.

Elijah Snooks was one of the most famous detectives in New Orleans, the name given, of course, being one of the many aliases under which he frequently traveled, as the emergency called for it.

Something over a year previous, a series of forgeries were committed in the Crescent City, followed by the atrocious murder of the officer engaged in following them up.

Proof existed that the criminal in both cases was Jake Hart, who had been notorious as one of the worst desperadoes in the city.

This discovery made it so hot for the villain that he found it necessary to leave to escape lynching, his assassination of one of the bravest officers of the force having been particularly exasperating.

He succeeded with great difficulty in getting away in the night, and for a time all trace of him was lost.

The authorities offered a reward of five thousand dollars for his capture, with little prospect of its ever being claimed.

About this time Brownell, otherwise Snooks, one of the most daring detectives known, received information that the villain had taken refuge in the Indian country, and had managed to ally himself to Lone Wolf, the famous Apache chieftain.

In his younger days Brownell had served in the Mexican war and as a Texan ranger.

His experience among the Comanches and Apaches now came into play, and he was spurred on by the pledge from a number of prominent merchants that, if he delivered the scoundrel into the hands of the law, he should receive an additional reward of five thousand dollars, so that the speculation, from a monetary point of view, was very tempting.

Accordingly, Brownell undertook the task, especially as he was well acquainted with Colonel Melville, having been a friend to him during the Mexican war, and he made his way through the Indian country to his ranch.

The visit of the detective was made at such a period and in such a way that no one but the colonel was aware of it. As a rule, the detective keeps his secrets to himself, and Brownell was one of the most careful in this respect.

But in the present instance he told Colonel Melville everything without reserve.

He was desirous of securing him as an ally.

The colonel gladly entered into the plan, and they consulted earnestly together.

When the officer came to hear all that was said of "The Phantom of the Prairie," his strong, hard sense told him that there was nothing in the least supernatural about the being which had created such an excitement along the border for a couple of years previous, and had become such an object of terror to all who encountered it, especially to the Indians.

After learning all that was to be learned he came to the conclusion that the supposed apparation was as much a real flesh and blood creature as he was himself.

Colonel Melville joined him in reaching that conclusion, or, more truly, he had known from the beginning that such must be the case.

He had refused to say or do anything toward unraveling the mystery of his identity, because the Phantom was doing such inestimable service along the frontier, and an investigation, if pushed too far, might cause the whites to lose a most valuable ally and friend.

The officer announced his determination to secure the Phanthom as a partner in the capture of Jake Hart.

For this purpose he scoured the prairie for weeks before the opportunity presented itself.

He finally became discouraged, and gave up what was a very chimerical scheme from the first.

Starting back for the civilized regions, which he had left so full of hope, he reached the range of hills which the trail to Melville Ranch followed for so long a distance.

While encamped among these he was approached one night by a man in the guise of a hunter, who complained of being very ill, and appealed for help.

Fortunately, the officer was enabled to assist him, and the applicant, after spending the night with him, was perfectly well in the morning.

He was full of gratitude, and became greatly attached to the stranger, who, he believed, saved his life.

As a partial reward for his services in this respect the hunter told the officer the secret of his life, and volunteered to conduct him through any part of the Indian country without the least danger to himself.

The spot where the two encountered was near the cave which Mickey O'Rooney accidentally stumbled upon when making his reconnaissance of Lone Wolf and his companions, as we have related in another place.

Here, within this same cavern, Brownell heard the secret of the hunter's life.

The detective discovered, during this interview, that Sut Simpson, a famous hunter, was not exactly *compos mentis*. He was so incoherent at times as to show that his reason was not settled.

The officer suspected the cause was a wound received on the head from the Indians.

He urged the hunter to make a visit with him to Austin, where he believed, though, of course, he did not say anything of the fact, a surgical operation would restore him to perfect reason.

When Brownell said that he had come into this part of the world to capture and take back Jake Hart, the hunter, with a strange gleam of his eye, told him he would help him, and the bargain was made then and there.

The man then explained how it was that he played the part of a phantom, to the great terror of the redskins, the benefit of the whites, and the unalloyed enjoyment of himself.

A greater portion of the supposed supernatural appearance of this creature was due to imagination, after he had established his reputation as a first-class apparition.

Sut had managed to secure from some of the posts a chemical preparation—probably phosphorus—with which he covered a portion of his body, and then, at the opportune moment, he carried burning tow in his mouth and probably also in his hands.

He had sheathes on the ears of his horse to carry burning tow, by which he added to his encanny *tout ensemble*, and he smeared parts of the mustang with the same compound.

He always had a heavy blanket with him, so that when he he wished to "vanish," he threw this over his person, and he naturally became invisible in the darkness.

This was the whole secret of the Phantom of the Prairie.

Long practice enabled Sut Simpson to become quite expert as a prestidigitateur, and his "reputation" established, made it an easy matter for him to continue his career.

The curious partnership was formed between Brownell, the officer, and Sut Simpson, and the two separated to prosecute the search for Jake Hart, the renegade.

Sometimes the hunters were together and sometimes they were apart.

They managed to keep up communication with each other, and the business was moving forward very promisingly, when it became complicated by the appearance of Inez Melville and her friends on the scene.

The part they played has already been explained to the readers.

Sut Simpson was missing when the whites came to marshal together and start on their way to Fort Sheridan.

The detective explained that he was averse to meeting his old friends until he could put himself in a more presentable shape.

He and Brownell found out that the whites were to be taken to the Death Valley for execution, and they formed their plan, which was carried out so successfully, and which will be understood by the reader without any further explanation from us.

Jake Hart was sharp enough to see that there was no "phantom" in the business, and his vigorous appeal came near upsetting the whole scheme.

The party were practically unarmed, and in no condition to meet a body of warriors, so it was agreed that the mustangs should be pushed to their best paces until Fort Sheridan was reached.

The route thereto was familiar to both the scouts, and the ride was continued with scarcely any intermission until daylight, when the flag was discerned from the top of an elevation.

A half hour later the whole party were within the stockades, where Colonel Bailey gave them the most hearty kind of welcome.

Here Pomp, the negro, awaited them, and went fairly wild with delight when he learned that all were there without one missing.

Here, too, was found Sut Simpson, rather shy, and not willing to be questioned as to the singular part he had been playing for the past year or two.

Colonel Melville came to the deliberate conviction that he had enjoyed all he wished of frontier life, and after a strife lasting a number of years he was free to admit that he had got the worst of it.

As soon as an escort, therefore, could be arranged for, he started for civilization, accompanied by his two children, several friends and Dick Harred.

The scouts were needed elsewhere, and they bade good-by to them at the fort before leaving.

With the company went Brownell, the detective—first known as Elijah Snooks—having in charge his prisoner, Jake Hart, the renegade.

Some weeks later this consummate scoundrel was delivered over to the authorities at New Orleans, where he received his just punishment, and the daring officer was paid the full amount of the rewards offered for his apprehension.

At last accounts, Mickey O'Rooney and Long Jim Shafto were still engaged in the service of their country on the frontier, and doing as much as ever to baffle the schemes of the perfidious Lone Wolf.

Conolel Melville is still living in the Crescent City the life of a gentleman of elegant leisure.

With him is Ned, long since grown to man's full estate, and a promising limb of the law. He is a hard student, and there is a brilliant future before him.

In the same magnificent residence dwells Inez and her husband, Dick Harrod, engaged in the cotton business.

The couple, on their marriage, proposed to take up their home in Austin, but the colonel would not hear it, and declared if they undertook it, he would engage Lone Wolf to come down some night and carry them off to Auka-Yata again.

So they settled with him, and there they are likely to remain until death comes and separates them.

Sut Simpson was persuaded to accompany the whites to New Orleans, where the surgical operation was performed.

The relief was only partial, however, and he went back to the plains and was shot within a month after.

Flora Chandler and Will McCormick, after their thrilling adventures together, were certain to feel an undying affection for each other, and they have been man and wife for years.

THE END.

The Young Hero of Cape Ann;

OR,

The Fishing Trip of an American Boy.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

CHAPTER VI.

[Continued from page 1[illegible].]

THE black eyes of the prostrate youth gleamed like balls of fire, but, save this sign of the fierce rage that swelled his breast, there was none other.

His dark, red face, bore the sullen composure characteristic of his Indian ancestors. He lay perfectly motionless, his broad chest rising and falling, the steady gaze of his keen, glittering orbs never once removed from his antagonist.

"So, so," cried George, "the mystery is solved! Your disguise was a good one, but it has not availed you, after all. Ho, there! on deck!" he shouted. "This way! bring handcuffs!"

"They cannot hear you," said Brunt, triumphantly. "You will have to let me go, ere you can bring any one here to secure me."

As he spoke he glanced upward, and a look of satisfaction came over his swarthy features.

Then he gave one of the barrels near him a kick.

The consequence was as he had anticipated. A full barrel on top of the others rolled downward with a crash, the edge striking the young captain on the head and laying him senseless.

The blow had been a slanting one, or it would have killed him.

Brunt disengaged himself from his unconscious foe. He bent over him, and looked at him with demoniacal triumph.

"I will make sure of him now!" he muttered.

From his pocket he pulled a clasp-knife, and opened it. The blade was about six inches long, with a point as fine as a needle.

He raised the weapon above the prostrate youth, and pointed it straight at his heart.

But ere he could strike, the schooner, rolling and plunging, caused an empty barrel to fall down, directly across the form of the senseless boy.

As this barrel had become slightly wedged between the others Brunt would be obliged to work at it to remove it.

But scarcely had he put hands upon it when he heard footsteps on the deck above him.

"They heard the captain, after all," he muttered, much disappointed. "But the devil always helps his own. I may have a chance to scuttle the craft, and then conceal myself ere they arrive here. They may not think to search in this place at all."

Quickly putting his knife in his pocket, he screwed the auger in the spot where he had previously placed it. Then he blew out the lantern, after which he went to work at the auger.

Now and then he paused to listen. He heard the men above him moving about, calling, but as yet no person had opened the lower hatch.

Faster and faster he plied the instrument. It was a good one, and it plowed its way through the plank, grinding the woodwork as it went.

At last Brunt paused, as, with a sudden gurgling sort of noise, the point of the auger went through to the water. Again he worked, enlarging the opening he had already made.

Then he withdrew the auger, and the water came bubbling up through the aperture.

A moment he stood undecided whether to make another attempt to finish George with his knife or to crawl off at once and lie in wait for a chance to escape through the lower hatchway.

As yet the lower hatch had not been opened by the men searching, but it was probable it soon would be.

Brunt finally concluded not to waste time by trying to remove the barrel to get at his late adversary, especially as he would be obliged to work in the dark.

He turned away from the spot, climbing to a pile of canvas and rigging near the hatchway, where he concealed himself.

He could now plainly distinguish the voices of those above him.

"Are you sure you heard the cry?" inquired Old Tom, who was one of those in the upper hold.

"Ay, ay," said the first officer; "I am pretty sure, although I may have been mistaken."

"I rather guess you must have been," said Tom. "What would anybody be doing singing out down there? You couldn't tell whose voice it sounded like."

"No, sir; it was one cry. After that all was still."

"Well, it's my opinion you were mistaken. There's nobody here but ourselves. You may have heard one of the men singing out in the forecastle."

"We had better find out if one of them did," said the first officer.

"Ay, ay, we'll go and inquire right away," said Tom, "and we can also see if they're all there. Everybody aft is all right, I know. Jenny (Tom's sister) is in her room with Miss Palmer, and I know the captain's in the cabin, too, for I saw him go below with my own eyes."

Brunt now heard the men go on deck, and he deemed this a fitting time to get away from the scuttled craft.

"In a few minutes it will be all up with that cursed Yankee captain," he muttered. "The water will rise around and over him, drowning him in his own craft."

He crawled under the hatch, softly raised it, and getting into the upper hold, thence made his way on deck.

This was at present deserted, all the men being in the forecastle.

"I must work quick," thought Brunt. "They will discover my absence down there in the forecastle, and will be hunting for me."

He leaned over the quarter-rail as he spoke, and looked to windward.

There, faintly revealed in the dim light, were the hull and masts of a schooner, which, for the last few hours the watch aboard the *Columbia* had noticed keeping along on the same course as that of their own craft.

"Ay, there she is—the *Briton*," muttered Brunt, "with all my brave fellows of the coast-gang aboard. We have sworn to do all the harm we can to these cursed American fishers, and my hand has now struck the *second* good blow for the cause. That Bertha Palmer is a sharp girl; all the Yankee girls are sharp. Who would have thought of her recognizing that boat of her father's?"

Brunt, as he spoke, glided to the gangway, alongside of which lay the picked-up boat, which had been previously lowered in order for some repairs to be made about the woodwork, which had been broken during a gale.

The young man entered this boat, cast off the warp, and, unobserved by any person, he was soon drifting astern in the partial gloom.

Meanwhile, the water down there in the *Columbia's* hold kept pouring in through the hole which had been made. It came in fast around the still senseless form of the young captain.

Higher and higher it rose.

George lay upon his back, and the water was already over his ears, laving his temples.

This had the effect of restoring him to his senses. In his confusion he lay motionless for some minutes, puzzled to account for his strange situation.

All at once his memory came back to him like a flash of lightning.

He endeavored to rise, but found that some barrels were firmly wedged together half a foot above him.

The constant rolling and plunging of the vessel had caused these barrels, two of which were full ones, to fall into the narrow space, where they were tightly jammed.

The situation of the youth was now perilous in the extreme.

He made powerful but vain efforts to dislodge the barrels.

Then he raised his voice, shouting with all his might for assistance.

But it was evident that, in the confined space in which he now was, he was not heard by his own men.

Meanwhile, there was the water fast gaining on him.

He tugged and tugged at the barrels, but found he could but just move them.

The water was now up to his lips.

But it had one good effect.

It loosened the lower barrel, so that he could move it.

Exerting all his strength, he contrived to tip it up sufficiently to release himself from his uncomfortable situation. In a moment he was on his feet, climbing up toward the hatch.

He had nearly gained it when the head of an empty cask upon which he stood, gave way under him, and down fell a number of the barrels which Brunt had unlashed and dislodged on his way to the vessel's bottom. These barrels fell over the mouth of the cask, thus inclosing George, so that he could neither get out nor make himself heard by the people on deck.

The young captain was in despair.

The loss of his craft, which he had hoped to save by plugging up the hole made by Brunt, now seemed inevitable.

The water poured in faster and faster through the vessel's bottom.

The men on deck had evidently perceived by this time that the craft was settling.

George could hear the clang of the pumps as they were being worked.

Surely by this time they must discover his absence and search for him.

Besides, they would probably come into the lower hold to find the source of the sudden leak, when he could make his presence in the cask known to them.

In fact, the lower hatch was opened, and he was about to call out, when, all at once, he heard a crashing sound, and felt the cask toppling over as the ballast, dislodged by the rising water, shifted, a portion of it rolling to leeward, and causing the schooner to heel over almost on her beam-ends.

This shifting of the ballast will sometimes take place aboard a vessel where even much precaution has been used against such an accident.

As a general thing, it will cause the capsizing of a craft, but in the present case only a part of it had been moved, and this saved the vessel from immediate destruction, although her loss was now momentarily expected.

George heard a rush of footsteps from the lower hold to the deck, and in the confusion it seemed as if it was impossible to make himself heard from the cask.

Suddenly, however, he became aware that some person was calling to him in the lower hold.

Now, far to leeward in the overturned cask, which was choked up by a heap of barrels and rigging, the voice sounded faint to his ears, but he thought he could recognize it as that of Old Tom.

"Here I am!" he responded, with all his strength of lungs.

"Thunder!" cried Old Tom. "Seems to me you must be somewhere almost out of creation, for darn me if I can fix you, and there's no time to lose!"

“Here, here!” called George, and he kept on calling so vigorously that Tom was at last led to the cask in which he was.

It did not take long for the old fisherman, with his ponderous strength, to clear away the barrels and rigging about the mouth of the cask.

“Ay, ay! Why, God bless ye!” cried Tom; “so here you be at last! What an infernal hole to be shut up in; though, in the present situation of affairs, I'm darned if I don't think you've come out of the frying-pan into the fire!”

“The schooner has been scuttled,” said George. “More than that, I cannot explain now. Bear a hand and get a plug. Now the craft is so far over, we may succeed in plugging up the hole.”

“Ay, ay! if we can get at it in time; but to speak plain, sir, I think our best plan is to get out of this as soon as we can. The wind is blowing almost a gale, and the craft is half over now. She will capsize all the way in a few minutes! I've given orders to all the men, except the one at the wheel, to lower boats, to take Jenny and Miss Palmer in one of 'em, and to wait for me alongside.”

As he spoke, the schooner made a terrific lurch that carried her over on her beam ends.

Both George and Old Tom thought she was going, but the next moment she righted just a little.

“Come!” said the young captain's companion, clutching him by the arm; “you see it is too late to do anything, with the craft settling and going over further and further! We will have jist time to git clear of her, if I ain't mistaken!”

“No,” said George, resolutely; “we may save her yet! I want a plug to stop up the hole, in the first place!”

“Marcy on us, my dear boy! do you hope to do it in the dark, with barrels and gear of all sorts in your way, to say nothing of the water, which alone would drown you?”

“I will either do 't or die here in the hold!” cried George.

“Grit is grit, my boy, said Old Tom, “but where there's no hope, I'm the man for looking out for my skin, even though it be an old one. Come, George!”

But George shook himself clear of the other.

“I will at least make an effort to save her before I desert her.”

“You'll only sacrifice yourself. Come.”

“You may go if you wish. As for me, I stick to this vessel to the last!”

CHAPTER VII.

DESERTED.

OLD TOM shook his head. “If you stay, I'll stay with you,” he said. “Darn me if I'm the man to desart a partner!”

George had felt about the cask until he found the wooden plug which had been in the head of it.

This plug he judged to be large enough to stop up the hole made by the anger.

“Give it to me,” said Old Tom. “You hold the lantern and I'll go.”

“No, *you* hold the lantern. I will run all the risks,” said George.

Old Tom, following his young friend to the place where the barrels had been moved aside by Brunt, held the lantern over it.

The water there was now quite deep, but owing to the inclination of the craft, much of it had rushed to leeward, and as it still poured in, it was bearing the vessel further down every minute on her side.

“You can never reach that hole in the world!” said Tom.

“I can try,” answered George. “But I must have something to pound the plug in with.”

Old Tom's roving glance fell upon a wooden mallet not far off, hanging from a beam.

He obtained it, and gave it to George, who, thus provided, now climbed down into the water.

It was up to his waist, and in order to drive in the plug, he would be obliged to remain long enough under the surface to do it.

The resistance of the incoming water would also prove a hindrance to him.

But, knowing as he did the exact situation of the hole, he hoped to be successful.

He got beneath the surface, put in the plug and held it, while he pounded on it.

But his blows, there under water, produced but little effect on the plug.

He raised his head to breathe.

“No use,” cried Old Tom above; “it is too late to save the craft that way, now.”

“If you could get me an iron hammer, I think I could do it,” said George. “Iron will better break the resistance of the water.

Old Tom quitted the hold and went up into the other one, whence he soon returned with a heavy hammer. He passed it to George, who now made his second attempt to plug up the hole.

This time he was successful.

The leak was stopped.

“And now,” said George, “the next thing to do is to put the ballast in order. We will have to get all our men in the hold for that purpose, after we have pumped out more of the water.”

The two made their way to the deck.

The sky was clouded, and the night had become very dark. The wind was blowing a gale, and the craft lay far over, almost on her beam-ends, with the seas pouring across her lee rail.

In fact, the danger of capsizing still was almost as great as ever.

Her canvas had been furled, all except the reefed mainsail, and yet she was dashing along through the foaming waters at a swift rate, burying her bows at every plunge.

George ran aft and found the man still at the wheel. Then he looked over each side of the schooner, to perceive that the boats were gone.

“What has become of the boats?” he asked the helmsman.

“They both got adrift, sir,” was the answer. “I think the pitching of the craft must have jerked out the pins to which the warps were fast.”

Old Tom and the young captain exchanged looks of dismay.

“This is too bad,” gasped Tom. “What shall we do now?”

George peered through the gloom, but he could see nothing of the boats.

“Miss Palmer was aboard one of them?” he said to the helmsman.

“Yes, sir. All the men except me, and both the women, were in the boats.”

“We are sartainly in a fix now,” said Tom.

“That is not the worst of it,” said George. “I am afraid the boats will be swamped, and that all will be lost.”

“We can't wear ship in this gale to look for the boats.”

“No.”

Old Tom shrugged his shoulders.

“We must do the best we can,” said George. “The first thing to do is to get the schooner right. You and I, Old Tom, will have to pump her out. Then, if the gale abates, we can manage to wear round.”

The two went to the pumps and worked with a will. In the course of a few hours they had pumped out a large quantity of water.

Then they went into the lower hold and endeavored to right the displaced ballast.

This was hard work.

By the time they were through both were completely exhausted.

The schooner now righted, and was safe for the present.

They returned to the deck and sat down to rest, while George explained all about his encounter in the hold with Brunt.

Tom was surprised and indignant.

“The rascal has escaped in the picked up boat,” he cried. “I hope to gracious the sea swallows him up.”

Meanwhile, the gale continued to rage, and George experienced the utmost anxiety about those who were adrift in the boats.

Worn out with their exertions, however, each obtained some sleep by turns.

Toward dawn the violence of the gale abated.

With the assistance of the wearied helmsman, they then succeeded in wearing round.

George now took the wheel, while the former steersman slept, and Old Tom kept a lookout.

A couple of hours had passed in this way, and the rays of the sun were tinging the rolling waters, when Tom sang out:

“Sail, oh! off the weatherbow!”

From his position at the wheel George could also see it.

It was evidently a schooner heading straight for the *Columbia*.

“That is an English craft,” shouted Tom.

“Ay, ay,” said George.

The vessel drew every moment nearer.

The bows, the rails and the rigging were alive with men, all gazing toward the other craft.

“What in thunder do they see so wonderful about us?” cried Old Tom.

Just then George uttered a cry of surprise.

Amongst the group aft he recognized Will Brunt.

“Com here, Tom,” he called.

Old Tom came promptly aft.

“Brunt is aboard that schooner. Do you see him?”

“Ay, there he is, sure enough. I see him now,” cried Tom.

“Well, I think the whole thing was a concerted plan. That craft was to hover about us until Brunt accomplished his work of scuttling our vessel.”

“Darn me if I don't begin to think you are about right.”

“He got away from this craft in the boat, thinking he had accomplished his work, and was picked up by the schooner. In my opinion all those colony Englishmen aboard that vessel belong to that lawless organization of the coast gang.”

“Right again, by the etarnal!”

“We must not let them get aboard of us, therefore, any more than we would so many pirates. They are bent on destroying our schooner, and will do so if they can.”

“Curse 'em! curse the beef-eating rascals!”

“Go and call up Steve Darrel, Tom.”

“Ay, ay; we want all our forces now.”

Steve was called, and promptly came up, refreshed by his sleep.

“Any sign of the boats?” said Steve.

“No, but there's something more unwelcome,” answered Tom, pointing out the colony schooner. “Those fellows are of the coast gang.”

“Hah, hah!” said Steve. “I suppose they mean mischief. Wish we had a gun to pepper them with if they try to molest us.”

“Unfortunately, we ain't got any, but we've got muskets.”

“They'll do, as far as they go,” said Steve. “Shall I go below and bring them up?”

“Ay, ay, Steve,” said George; “go below and load and bring up every one of them. The villains shall not board us if we three can help it.”

Down went Steve into the cabin.

The other schooner kept along within speaking distance of the *Columbia*.

“Ahoy, there!” shouted a stout man from the vessel's quarter-deck. “What craft is that?”

“You know well enough,” responded George. “If you do not, that rascal Brunt, by your side, can tell you. What schooner's that?”

“The *Briton*, and be hanged to you!”

“You darned British outlaw!” yelled Old Tom, shaking his fist at the other. “We'll get square with you yet.”

At this there was a hoarse roar of laughter aboard the colony vessel.

“How many codfish did you steal from our fishing-grounds?” continued the English captain.

“We will take as many as we like,” answered George. “They are all paid for.”

“We'll see about that.”

“Git out, you tarnal fool!” yelled Old Tom. “You speak as though all the codfish in the sea had the British stamp on their tails.”

Again the colony men roared with laughter.

“What have you done with the codfish you took?” continued the English captain.

“That is none of your business,” answered George.

“We will put a stop to your taking any more,” cried the other.

“I would not advise you to try it,” said George.

“What's become of all your crew?” continued the colony captain.

“They're on hand, darn you!” cried Old Tom, ere George could reply.

“There you lie. I'll wager they've all turned into codfish by this time.”

“What d'ye mean, you big sea-thief?” shouted Tom.

“I mean they've all gone to the bottom. Last night we ran into two boats full of people and split them! Those boats must have been from your vessel.”

At this George felt his heart sink within him.

Was the man telling the truth? Were Bertha Palmer and all her companions really lost?

“He is lying,” whispered Tom to the youth. “I think I can see it in his face, but he knows that all are gone from the schooner except three of us. He has guessed it by the absence of our boats.”

“Lie to!” continued the English captain. “I want to come aboard of you!”

“No,” answered George. “We do not want you aboard! The further you keep away from us the better for both parties!”

“You refuse?”

“What I say I mean!”

“Then we will board in spite of you!”

“At your own peril!”

Steve now began to bring up the muskets. There were about a dozen in all.

The colony men bustled about their deck, and a boat was dropped alongside.

Into it sprang about a dozen men.

Under her shortened canvas, the *Columbia* did not make speed enough to prevent these men from overtaking her.

“Loosen and hoist the mainsail!” said George to Old Tom and Steve.

He lashed the helm amidships, and was enabled to thus lend them a hand.

He also set the foresail and the jib.

By this time the boat was but a few fathoms astern.

“A few more strokes, my lads!” shouted Brunt, who was in the stern-sheets; “pull lively now!”

The men obeyed, and the one in the bow succeeded in getting his boathook in the main chains ere the craft had gathered sufficient way to leave the boat astern.

George picked up a broad-ax, and springing into the chains, severed the handle of the boat-hook with one blow.

The man, with an oath, pulled a pistol from his belt and aimed it at the head of the youth.

Steve, who had picked up a musket, leveled it at the sailor and fired, ere he could pull trigger.

With a howl of rage and pain, the man dropped, wounded, into the bottom of the boat.

“Fire!” yelled Brunt. “Let them have it!”

Half a dozen pistols were discharged at George and Steve.

The latter was uninjured, but George was struck in the right hand.

He then changed his ax to the left hand, while he endeavored to get aboard.

Old Tom and Steve continued to bang away.

Two more of the boat's crew were wounded.

No person being at the wheel, the vessel suddenly swung up into the wind.

“Now, now!” cried Brunt.

The boat dashed under the main chains.

A sailor grasped George by the leg of his pants to pull him down into the boat, aiming a pistol at him with one hand.

“Come on, my fine cove!” he cried, “or you're a dead dog!”

Holding to the chains with his bleeding hand, George partially turned and struck with his broad-ax at the sailor's head.

The man fired at the same moment, but a roll of the boat caused his bullet to miss the youth, whose face was just grazed by it.

The other received the blunt side of the ax upon his skull.

So powerful was the blow that he dropped senseless like a log.

Again the boat drifted astern, as the schooner swung off.

Tom and Steve then helped George aboard.

“Never mind me,” said George; “it is only a scratch. The bullet struck my hand slantingly and tore the flesh a little, that is all.”

Steve took the wheel, and Tom bound up the wounded hand in some cloth.

“Guess them chaps have got enough,” said Tom, as the boat now dropped further astern, and no more shots were fired.

“They have emptied all their pistols,” said George. “They are going back to their vessel. We will probably hear more of them.”

In fact, the moment the boat was hoisted aboard, the Englishman crowded all sail, so as to keep along abreast of the *Columbia*.

At length a fog, which had been gradually gathering, shut out each vessel from the sight of the occupants of the other.

“You and Steve can steer, while I keep on the lookout,” said George, whose wounded hand would prevent his working the wheel.

“Ay, ay,” answered Old Tom. “Guess the rascals won't try to board us again.”

“In my opinion they will. But they will probably wait until night and try to do it under cover of the darkness.”

“We'll give them some more if they do,” said Steve.

“Yes, we'll pepper the rascals well,” said George, “if we only see them. But remember the night will be dark and foggy, and we must keep a sharp watch about us.”

“That we can do,” said Old Tom. “I'll sleep with one eye open and t'other only half closed.”

Hours passed.

After dinner the three occupants of the schooner fancied they could hear the rushing bows of the other vessel not further than twenty fathoms.

George slightly altered his course, so as to give her as wide a berth as possible without turning from the track in which he hoped to find his lost crew, for he did not believe that the *Briton* had really run down the boats, as her captain had said.

But hour after hour passed, and still no sign of them was discovered.

At last the shadows of night began to gather.

“We cannot be far from the Irish coast now,” said George.

“No,” said Old Tom. “We must not run our craft on the rocks.”

“No danger of that. We are at least fifty miles from the coast yet.”

Darkness finally closed about the schooner.

George, walking from side to side of the craft, and Old Tom on the bow, were keeping a good lookout, when, all at once, they fancied they heard a roaring noise, with which was mingled a succession of wild, unearthly cries.

The noise grew nearer every moment, until suddenly the light of a large lantern flashed through the fog and darkness, and they beheld a huge broad sheet of dark canvas looming up in the gloom.

It was sweeping along toward them, and George hastened to change the course of his vessel to avoid it. On it came, and soon the glare of the lantern revealed a singular-looking craft.

It was now only about ten fathoms from the *Columbia*, sweeping along like a strange, ungainly phantom on a course which would carry it directly across the American's forefoot.

George luffed up into the wind to let it pass, while he could thus obtain a good view of it.

It was evidently the hull of some old vessel.

The rail was battered in, long streaks of rust extended along its sides, and one of the anchors forward had its stock broken off.

From bow to stern the side of this craft was covered with green slime and barnacles, the latter of which glittered in the lantern's light like thousands of weird little eyes.

In the middle of the deck of this battered hull rose what evidently was intended for a mast, but which, in reality, was nothing more than a tree, with the branches chopped off, and the bark in some places hanging from it in long strips.

This apology for a mast sloped more forward than aft and rocked with every motion of the vessel.

Attached to long, rudely-hewn poles, fastened to serve as yards, was a single huge square-sail sheet of stained and blackened canvas, which flapped gloomily in the wind as the vessel swept past.

On the deck, running hither and thither, George and his two companions noticed the half-clad forms of three wild-looking men, whose long hair streamed in disheveled masses over their shoulders.

They waved their arms as they ran and uttered weird, unearthly cries, which were heard long after the strange vessel had disappeared in the fog.

“Well, now, I'm darned if that wasn't the queerest craft I ever clapped eyes on,” said Old Tom. “What do you think of it, George?”

“I don't know what to make of it. The people we saw were evidently lunatics.”

“The vessel looked as if it had gone crazy, too. It's a wonder they didn't run into us.”

“I should say those people were from the Irish coast. They had that appearance.”

“Ay, ay; and the poor chaps ought to be seen to. It's my opinion they escaped from their keepers, got aboard that tub and put out to sea themselves.”

“How did that hull strike you, Old Tom? It looked to me as if it had been the hull of a schooner.”

“And me, too.”

“It had an old look, as if it had met with hard usage.”

“Ay, ay; but I don't think it was so old as it seemed. If the slime and barnacles were scraped off, and if it was repainted, it would make a good show.”

George fell into a reverie.

Old Tom had his keen gaze upon him. Suddenly he laid his hand on his shoulder.

“I know what you are thinking of, my boy!”

George started.

The two looked at each other.

“The same thought has occurred to us both,” said the youth. The *Falcon*.”

“Ay, ay; that's it,” said Old Tom, clapping his palms together with a report like a musket, “that's what I thought. Thunder! is it possible that could have been the hull of the lost schooner?”

“It is only conjecture, after all,” said George. “There was no name visible on the stern.”

“Ay, ay, it's all guess-work. But God bless the poor gal and watch over her, wherever she may be; had Bertha Palmer been here she could have told if that was her father's craft.”

“Yes,” said George, sadly. “I tell you what it is, Old Tom, I am afraid we will never find Bertha. I begin to think now that what the captain of the *Briton* said was true—that he really did run down those two boats.”

“No, sir; you believe me when I tell you he was lying. I could see it in his eye. Besides, had he run into them, Brunt would have seen that Bertha, at least, was picked up. She, if not some of our men, would have been in the craft.”

“How do we know they were not?”

“I'm sure of it. When the rascals found we would not permit them to board us, they would, had Bertha been there, have made use of her presence, in some way, to bribe us to let them come on our decks.”

“I am inclined to believe you are right,” said George. “But tell me frankly, Old Tom, what is your opinion of the fate of the two boats' crews. Remember many hours have passed since they drifted away from us, and as yet we have seen nothing of them.”

Tom scratched his head. He looked first one way and then another, while tears, which he could not suppress, gathered in his eyes.

“To tell the' the truth,” he said, in a hoarse voice, “things *do* look gloomy. Darn me, sir, I would give my old life a dozen times over to see that bright young gal and my sister safe again.”

Hours passed, and still George kept his hopeless watch.

Now and then, peering through the fog and darkness, he would fancy he saw outlines like those of boats, but, as the schooner drew nearer to them, he would perceive that they were only waves of the sea rising a little higher than those around them.

About midnight Old Tom persuaded George to take a nap.

As the boy had lately obtained but little sleep, he threw himself down near the foremast, and was soon buried in a profound slumber.

How long he slept he knew not, but he was suddenly awakened by a wild, piercing cry and a splash.

He sprang to his feet, to behold by the dim light of the lantern Old Tom struggling in the grasp of three men.

He picked up a musket and ran to the rescue of his friend; but as he was about to fire the piece, his arms were seized from behind and the gun was pulled from his grasp.

He was then hurled to the deck, and his ankles were fastened with strong cords.

Three men had accomplished this work. One of them was the captain of the *Briton*, whose rough visage, lighted by the lantern, George recognized as that of one of the same persons who had visited him while in the dungeon ashore at Newfoundland.

Meanwhile, the boy heard the voice of Old Tom, as he heaped abusive epithets upon those who had, by this time, succeeded in binding him in the same manner as the young captain.

The latter rose to a sitting position, as his captors stood gazing triumphantly upon him, and looked around him.

Fog and darkness still obscured the ocean, but, through the mist the youth could see the masts of the *Briton* dimly looming up, not a ship's length off.

CHAPTER VIII.

STRANGE QUARTERS.

“WELL, my Yankee cove,” said the colony captain, chuckling, “what do you think of the situation now?”

“How did you succeed in boarding us?” inquired George. “I ordered a good lookout to be kept, that you might not play us any rascally trick.”

“You should have kept a better one. We stole up astern of you, and climbed aboard by a dangling rope. Then we threw the helmsman over the quarter-rail, manned the wheel with one of our own number, and tackled your friend—the one you call Old Tom.”

“You threw Steve overboard—the man at the wheel!”

“Ay, ay. We wouldn't have done it but for his ‘jabbing’ his knife in my arm, which made me mad.”

“If there is such a thing as law you will pay dearly for this.”

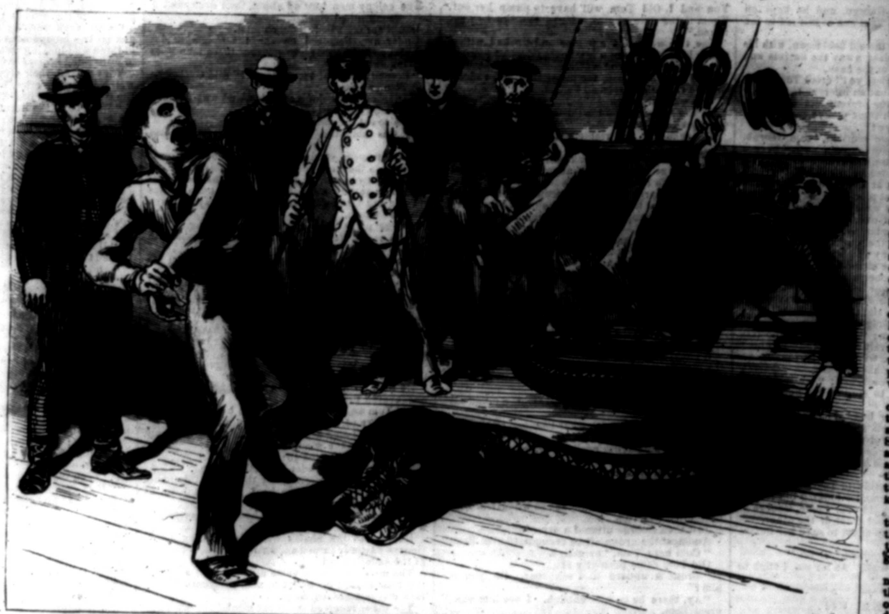
“Thank you, but who's to tell of us?”

“I will.”

“And do you think we will give you the chance? No, things have gone too far. In the first place, we did not mean to take any of your lives, but now it is different. It is your own fault.”

“What are you going to do with us?”

“We have not yet decided as to the manner of



TOPSY-TURVY.—"TERENCE, WHO, STANDING BY, SEEING THE CREATURE QUIET, WENT NEAR IT AND PLACED HIS HAND ON ITS UGLY-LOOKING HEAD. IN AN INSTANT HE MEASURED HIS LENGTH ON THE DECK—YET THE FISH HAD NEVER MOVED."

your death. We mean to leave that to Brunt, who is board my schooner. We thought it best not to bring him with us."

"Whether you kill us or not, your punishment will come in time. But there is a question I would like to have answered ere you take my life."

"Heave ahead!"

"You lied, did you not, when you said you ran down the two boats which are adrift?"

"I don't mind telling the truth when it can do me no harm. I frankly acknowledge that I lied."

"I told you so, George," shouted Tom, from the other side of the deck.

"Ay, ay, my old friend," answered George. "And now, where were your wits when you allowed these scoundrels to steal on board?"

"It all came of that infernal pipe of mine," replied Tom. "Thinks I, 'I guess I'll jist go below and fire up my pipe for a smoke.' Well, I went, and darn me if I was gone more'n five minutes; but when I came on deck I run slap into the arms of these rascals."

"It can't be helped now, Old Tom."

"Into the run with them both, for the present," cried the colony captain.

The two were dragged into the cabin and were put in the run, after which the hatch was fastened over them.

"Well, George, we're in for it now," said Tom, sighing.

"Yes, my old friend, I think so."

"There's one consolation about the matter," said Tom.

"What is that?"

"I skinned the nose of one of them tarnal Britishers with my fist, and I guess I nearly closed up the eye of another."

"Neither of us will probably have a chance to do that again."

"I guess not. Well, they shall see how an American can die. How do you think they'll dispose of us? I don't calculate they'll torture us."

"Of course we know nothing about that as yet. Whatever our fate may be, we will meet it like men and Christians."

"A-cursin' them Britishers with our last kick," added Tom.

"Ay, ay," answered George, smiling; "if you like."

"I sartinly *will* like. What'll *you* say to 'em?"

"I shall tell them that we will be avenged."

"Good; and if one of my arms was free at the time, and I had any kind of a weapon, if so be it was only a potato-masher, darn me if I wouldn't *do* the avenging myself, by crackin' one of their heads like a cast-iron pot."

"There'll be no chance for that, Old Tom. If there was, I'd help you."

"I know you would, my boy. When I think that it's my fault we're in this scrape, it kind of racks me."

"Don't grieve over it, my friend; such things *will* happen to the best of us."

"And then there's our cargo, my boy; as fine a lot of codfish as was ever hauled. What in gracious is to become of that?"

"Burrows will take care of it. He will send it to Gloucester, and the profits will go to our aunts and cousins."

"Darn *my* aunts and cousins," growled Tom. "If Jennie comes out all right, I hope she'll git some of it; that's all I care about."

"We will not worry over the cargo, at any rate."

"It ain't a-going to do any good if we do," said Tom. "Do you believe in dreams, my boy?"

"No."

"Well, I do. Whenever I dream about a fish cuttin' up in the way that critter in my dream did, something unfortunate is as sartin to happen as that there's seeds in cowcumbers! It was t'other night, when I fell asleep, you see, I thought I was looking at our cargo of codfish, when darn me if one of 'em didn't slip off the pile, stand up on its tail and wiggle along toward me. 'Goodness gracious!' says I, 'what on 'arth do you want?' Well, sir, that codfish opens its mouth and says, in a guttural voice: 'Johnnie Bull! Johnnie Bull! Johnnie Bull!' Says I: 'If you can't talk better'n that, you better scoot!' Well, just then along comes a big, fat boy, with an enormous starn, a-creeping along on his hands and knees, a-smellin' of our fish. The moment the starn of this boy was turned toward me, I saw on it a placard on which was painted in: 'British Monopoly!' I swear to gracious, I was never before so mad in my life, and I jist picks up that speaking codfish by the tail, and the way I laid it on to that British Monopoly boy's starn would have made a gooseberry wink! Jist then I waked, and when I thought *of* my dream, I knew there'd be trouble, although exactly *what* I couldn't tell."

Scarcely had Old Tom finished his story, when the attention of both the prisoners was caught by a low, scraping sort of noise above their heads.

"Ay, ay, now, what's that?" whispered Tom to George; "did you hear it?"

"Yes. Hark!"

The scraping noise was again heard, as if on purpose to attract their attention.

"There is some one there who wishes to speak to us," said Tom. "Who is that?" he added, slightly raising his voice.

"It is I—*Steve!*" was answered, in a scarcely audible voice.

Both the prisoners could with difficulty restrain a cry of surprise.

George raised himself as well as he could so as to get as close as possible to the hatch.

"Are your hands and feet tied?"

"They are."

"I have knife to unfasten them. The moment I raise the hatch, hold up your hands, and I will cut the cords. Then I will pass you the knife, and you can do the rest. Get out as soon as you can and creep through the cabin window. I will be under it, holding the Briton's boat, which is still here, so that you can drop into it. You must be quick, for the captain, who has but just left the cabin to go on deck, will probably be back in a few minutes."

The joy of the captive youth and his old friend at finding Steve, whom they had given up as lost, safe and well, exceeded all bounds.

As the hatch was raised, both George and Tom held up their arms, the cords of which Steve at once cut with his knife, afterward passing the instrument to the young prisoner, who, first severing the rope about his companion's ankles, then cut that which held his own.

The next moment both were out in the cabin, whence they crawled through the window into the boat.

They could hear the men moving about the decks above.

"There are about twelve of them in all," said Steve.

"We may have a chance to recapture our schooner yet," said George.

"It sartinly goes against my grain," said Old Tom, "to have to leave our own craft. But there's no other way now."

"We'll keep by her if we can," said George, "by pulling along in the fog. Perhaps they will lower to look for us, and while they are doing so, we may succeed in boarding our vessel and in again getting possession of her."

"I'm afraid they'll look out for that," said Steve, shaking his head. "They'll probably think we might try some such *ruse*, and will be on the watch."

While the three were thus conversing in voices little above a whisper, the boat was drifting astern into the fog, Steve having cut the warp.

Soon nothing but the masts of the vessel could be seen.

Old Tom and Steve seized oars, and the lug-sail of the boat was raised by George, who tended the sheet.

Keeping about twenty fathoms away from the schooner, they ran along parallel with her and yet hidden by the fog.

"How did you save yourself after they threw you overboard?" inquired Tom of Steve.

"Without much trouble," he answered. "You know I am a good swimmer. Well, the instant I came to the surface, I struck out for the boat, which lay astern.

"As the schooner was not going fast, I succeeded in grasping the stern of the boat. I drew myself in quickly, and covered my person with the lug-sail. It was well I did so, for immediately after one of the men on the deck above pulling the warp, so as to haul the boat further in, would otherwise have seen me. I remained thus concealed for a few minutes, then I rose, and going to the bow of the boat, peered through the cabin-window.

"I saw there the colony captain and his men lift the hatch and thrust you and Tom into the run. Soon after the captain and his men went on deck, and then I softly raised the window and crawled the cabin. The rest you know."

In spite of the exertions of the occupants of the boat, the distance of the schooner from them gradually increased.

Soon her masts were no longer visible. Now the fast receding sound of voices on board indicated how much greater was her speed than that of the boat.

"I'm afraid we'll lose our craft, after all," said Old Tom. "Darn me, but it makes my blood bile to think of them chaps getting possession of that beauty."

"Ay, ay, Tom," said George. "But I don't despair of having her in our hands again. There's no knowing what may happen yet in our favor."

"Well, now we're adrift on the ocean," said Tom, "we must think a little of ourselves. In the first place, is there anything in the boat to eat?"

George at once proceeded to search the little craft, but he could find nothing—not even a biscuit.

When at length, however, the dawn stole through the mist, the trio noticed what had hitherto escaped their attention—a box jammed in under the bow of the boat.

Pulling this out, Old Tom opened it.

A cry of joyful surprise escaped him, as he drew forth several cotton lines, such as are used in fishing for mackerel. These lines were all prepared, each having at one end its polished pewter sinker, with a hook soldered on.

The hooks were baited with pieces of porgie, so that there was nothing to prevent the trio from commencing to fish whenever they pleased.

"There's a plenty of mackerel about here at this season of the year," said Old Tom. "And here we are provided with the means of catching as many as we want. Those colony chaps little thought who was to use their lines when they left 'em in the boat."

The lug-sail was immediately furled, and each of the occupants of the craft took a line and dropped it overboard.

The breeze was light and the weather was favorable for their purpose. There was just sea enough to sway the lines gently.

But as mackerel are usually tempted to the vicinity of the vessels of those who are engaged in this sort of fishing by feed (chopped fish) scattered about on the water, and as our party had no bait for this purpose, they were obliged to wait a long time for a "bite."

At last Old Tom felt a tremulous motion along the length of his line. He waited a few seconds longer, and then pulling up the line, he flung a large, fine mackerel into the boat.

George soon after followed suit, and Steve, a moment later, also "landed" his mackerel.

Tom killed his with Steve's knife, and immediately went to work cleaning the fish, after which he cut up the part of it best suited for bait, preparing a good supply for future use.

"Now, then," said Steve, "here we are with our fish, but how are we going to cook it?"

Old Tom looked at the box. From that his glance wandered to an iron vessel shaped something like a saucepan, and which was there for the purpose of bailing out the boat when necessary.

"Now, then, who's got a match?" he said. "I see all the materials for cooking except a lucifer. It's perfectly wonderful how much sometimes depends on a match! I calculate there's no pacifying our stomachs, in the present case, without one."

George turned his pockets inside out, without finding the required article, but Steve was more fortunate.

He produced a metal box, containing plenty of matches, which he always kept on hand for lighting his pipe.

"Good!" cried Old Tom.

He broke up the box, which, being a large one, would afford fuel enough for cooking the three fish. This fuel being carefully prepared, some of it was put into the iron bailer.

"Now, then, one at a time," said Old Tom, as he seized the handle of the bailer, which was about six inches long, and held it out over the sea, after the wood was lighted, to prevent any of the burning fragments from falling into the boat.

"Go on, Steve, cook yours first," said George.

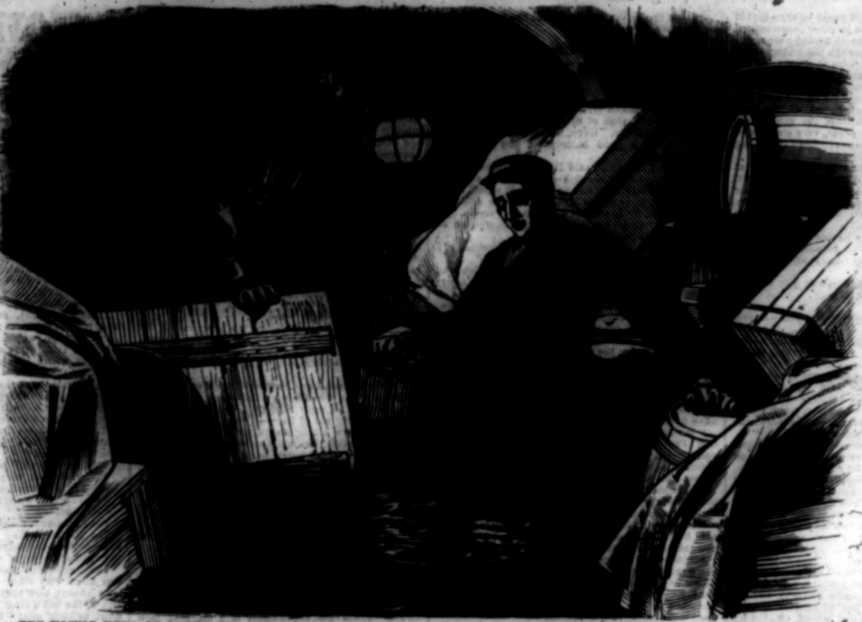
Steve held the mackerel on the end of his knife over the model saucepan, and the fish soon began to simmer.

"It is doing finely," said Steve, much elated.

But Old Tom was now making up a wry face. The handle of the bailer had become so hot that it burned his hand.

"Hold up a minute!" he cried, changing the handle from one palm to the other. "Tarnation how it burns!"

LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.—SEE PAGE 139.



THE YOUNG HERO OF CAPE ANN.—"'AY, AY! WHY, GOD BLESS YE!' CRIED TOM; 'SO HERE YOU BE AT LAST? WHAT AN INFERNAL HOLE TO BE SHUT UP IN; THOUGH, IN THE PRESENT SITUATION YOU'VE COME OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.'"—SEE PAGE 134.

As he spoke the heat of the handle became past endurance.

As he wriggled about with it still in his hand, it was tilted upward, and some of the scorching flame puffed up over Steve's fingers.

The youth gave a howl, and as he moved his hand away, the mackerel dropped off the end of his knife into the blazing pot.

At the same moment Old Tom, unable longer to hold on to the heated bailer, gave a yell of pain and dropped it into the sea!

"Thunderation!" he cried, shaking his fingers, "the devil's pitchfork ain't hotter than that darned handle!"

George had keenly watched the progress of affairs.

The bailer had not sunk far ere, with his arm thrust into the water to the shoulder, he had hold of the handle, now somewhat cooled by its submersion.

He pulled up the useful implement and laid it in the boat.

But the half-cooked mackerel was gone.

"That was a good stroke, my boy," said Old Tom, as he relieved his scorched fingers by submerging them in the sea; "but I rather calculate I'll have nothing more to do with such an infarnal pot."

George looked at the latter thoughtfully.

"I have a plan," he said at last, "which I think will work. There is a boat-hook here, and as the end is iron the blaze cannot burn it. One of us can hold the bailer lashed on to the end of the hook, while another holds the fish."

"Ay, ay, that's what I ought to have thought of in the first place," said Tom.

With some ratline-stuff cut from the sheet the handle of the bailer was lashed to the boat-hook.

Then, another fire having been kindled, George held out the hook with the bailer on it across the gunwale, while Old Tom cooked the fish.

This plan worked admirably until part of the fish was cooked.

Then an unforeseen accident took place.

Tom, having roasted a slice of mackerel, lay over on his stomach, flat across the thwarts, in the act of thrusting his knife into another raw piece of fish which he had placed in the bow.

In this position the seat of his pants, with a large canvas patch nicely sewed upon it, was brought directly under the blazing pot, which George had drawn in a little, in order that Steve might put on some more fuel.

It chanced, however, that just at that critical moment the spun-yarn lashing which held the bailer to end of the pole was partially burned through by the heat of the handle.

As a consequence, down fell the flaming saucepan, directly upon the broad posterious of Old Tom, also spilling out its blazing contents as it went upon that sensitive part of the old sailor.

Such a yell as then burst from Tom would have split a drum in twain.

First, up went his stern as quick as a flash, tossing the bailer in midair, then his heels followed, with a spiteful kick against the pot that sent it describing a parabolic curve over the bow into the water.

His next move was to roll over the gunwale into the sea, when, having ducked the injured part to his satisfaction, he drew himself back into the boat.

Meanwhile, Steve had rescued the pot.

"Here it is, all safe!" he cried, exultingly, holding it up.

"Safe! safe be darned!" roared Tom, as he clapped his hands to his seat. "You would only think of that blasted pot, though a shipmate were burnin' up in a tar-barrel. I want nothin' more to do with sich an infarnal machine."

His canvas patch had been badly scorched, but thanks to his activity, it had not been burned through.

"The worst of the darned consarn is jist here," he continued. "It stings as if there was a thousand pins there, and yet I'm 'afeared' to rub it for fear of workin' off the patch, and where or when I'm to obtain another pair of pants the Lord only knows."

At length the unlucky bailer was again got in working order, being this time fastened to the pole by means of a piece of wire taken from the boat-mast.

The cooking was finally ended, and the three sat down to as good a meal of fish as could be enjoyed without bread to eat with it.

Each seasoned it down with some of the fresh water in the boat-keg, of which, however, the three partook sparingly, as they did not know when they would obtain more after it was gone.

"How far do you think we are from the coast of Ireland?" inquired Steve of George.

"I should think about sixty miles."

"Had we not better head for it?"

"That will depend on circumstances—on what we see when the fog clears. It will be clear, or nearly so, I hope, in the course of an hour."

As he had predicted would be the case, the fog cleared in about that time, with the exception of a smoky sort of haze to the windward.

Then the trio rose and scanned the sea in all directions.

Far and near the water stretched around them in one unbroken expanse.

Neither sail nor boat caught their searching gaze.

George looked up at the sun.

"We are leading right for the coast now," he said.

"We will have some more fog and a storm before many hours," said Old Tom, pointing out the thick haze far to windward.

"Ay, ay," said George, "but we have a good boat, and I trust we will be able to weather it."

The lug-sail was loosened, and the boat dashed swiftly through the water.

Two hours later the haze to windward darkened.

A long line of white water then announced the approach of the storm.

George's orders were quickly given.

"I will steer," he said. "You, Steve, stand by to bail the boat; and you, Tom, can mind the sail, and be ready to furl it and to unship the mast."

On came the storm, and soon the howling of the wind and roaring of the water could be heard.

Suddenly, out of the flying rack and scud as it came, emerged to view a sail.

"Sail O!" yelled Tom.

Up he rose and took a keen look.

"The Lord help us!" he added; "it is that strange-looking craft we sighted last night, with the tree for a mast."

"What, the one with the lunatic crew?" said George.

He sprang to his feet.

The curious vessel was not a league distant, flying along with her one sail bellying so far out that it bent her rude mast like a bow.

"She is coming straight for us," said Steve.

"Ay, ay," said George, "and we can board her, perhaps, if the storm will let us."

"What! you ain't a-going to board a craft with such crazy devils on her deck!" cried Old Tom. "They are worse than the colony chaps."

[To be continued.]

"The Young Hero of Cape Ann" was commenced in 673.

MARTIN BEHRER, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 18, MAUJER STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

MARTIN BEHRER,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 18, MAUJER STREET, BROOKLYN (E. D.), N. Y.

MARTIN BEHRER is a persevering scholar who was promoted on the 2d of June last to the third grammar class of Grammar School No. 18, Maujer Street, Brooklyn (E. D.), from the highest class of Public School No. 36, Stagg Street. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 2d, 1866, and is therefore thirteen years of age. He is the son of Louis and Catherine Behrer. When five years old he commenced going to school, and in 1875 entered No. 36, in the third primary class. From this class he advanced to the highest grade taught in the school, and at the close of the term was at the head of his class, with a record of ninety-four per cent. One month he made one hundred and ten by extra studies. His teacher in School No. 36 furnished us the following account of him: "His career as a scholar has been one of marked success. Readily adapting himself to all kinds of school-work, he is deserving of particular mention as being one of the most praiseworthy and gentlemanly scholars of Public School No. 36. He is a good penman, and the possessor of such an accurate eye and steady hand as to be an honor to his class in free-hand drawing. Memory and reasoning-powers are such as are rarely found in boys of his age." He is erect and manly-looking, with a large head and amiable face. His talents, energy, and excellent character give assurance that he will make a worthy citizen.

MARY L. LOVEJOY,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 11, WASHINGTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MARY L. LOVEJOY is a talented girl who was selected as a representative of the second grammar class of Grammar School No. 11, Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. She has been a member of the school for four years, and at the time of our visit to the school ranked first in her class. She was born in the city of Washington, D. C., August 20th, 1865, making her fourteen years of age. She is the daughter of Henry and Augusta Lovejoy. Mr. Lewis, the Principal, says in a letter: "She is amiable and lovely, brilliant, versatile and thorough." Her different teachers have all found her a most interesting and constantly improving pupil. With a delicate and sensitive organization, both mental and physical, she has great power of penetration and energy. She learns quickly and well, and never falters in reaching the goal for which she is striving. Light of heart, she is sensible in her conduct at all times, and is also guided by deep moral convictions. Thus in these her schooldays she is found with a broad basis of character and of knowledge, and in the social world hereafter she will be found doing those things which "most become" a woman. Hence we place her in our gallery as an example of those characteristics which deserve the widest encouragement.

TOPSY-TURVY;

OR,

The Boy Explorer.

AND

THE WORLD TURNED INSIDE OUT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

(Continued from page 121.)

"IT is [illegible] I thought," he said, presently, in English. "She is the child of a relation of mine, but she was an infant when I escaped. She tells me he has been saved by you," and he turned to Captain Wortendyke and Sam. "That was a goods action. I think you will be received by these people."

"Are they, then, so good?" asked Mrs. St. Clair.

"They do no wrong."

"Of course they cannot, as everybody would know it by their telegraph," observed Sam.

"That is true," said the old man, seriously. "But that is not the reason. They do no wrong because they cannot. They do not know how, and have never heard of it."

As the old man said this he turned to the side of the ship, and indicated his desire to return to the shore.

The necessary order was given, and Captain St. Clair volunteered to return with him.

On their way the latter said:

"How do you live, then? What do you eat, and where do you sleep?"

"I have a hut which I built for myself, back there in the woods. I eat fruit, and fish which I catch in the sea and in the streams. These I cook on the rocks."

"Where do you get your fire?"

"I don't use it. I use what you call in your language 'electricity'; it is the air you are breathing, the light you see about you."

"And do the natives live in that way?"

"Oh, no. They never eat or drink. They are so made that they do not need it. But you will understand when you see them."

By this time the boat had reached the shore, and the old man stepped upon the beach, took the outstretched hand of the captain, which he grasped firmly, and then wrapped his garment about him, and in a few moments disappeared behind the hill.

The boat returned to the steamer, and Captain St. Clair joined the party on deck, who were discussing their latest adventures.

"This whole situation," said Greenough, who had silently listened to all that had been said, "reminds me of a book I read some years ago, about a man who got into the interior of the earth through a mine, somehow, and found some such race of beings as that old fellow describes."

"I know what it was," said Emmeline, eagerly. "It was Bulwer's 'Coming Race.'"

"That's it," cried Greenough.

Several of the others had read the same book, and all tried to remember the story which in so many particulars seemed as if written with positive knowledge of the region in which they now found themselves.

To the surprise of all, it began to grow darker by this time—the hour being about seven o'clock in the evening—and in an hour it became necessary to light up the cabin. A watch was set, lights were hung fore and aft, precisely as if they were in port in a civilized land, and the passengers of the *Jeannette* took supper, and passed the evening in the discussion of the remarkable scenes through which they had lately passed.

During the evening the question of the unexpected darkness came up for consideration.

"It is just as I told you," said Wilcox, triumphantly; "there's no electricity about it."

"What is it, then?" asked Professor Corbeau, slyly.

"Why, it's a sun, the same as it is on the surface."

"Supposing that explains the light, how are you going to account for the darkness?"

"Why, we have darkness at night on the surface, why not here?"

"If you are on the inside of a ball, and another ball revolving in the middle, you can't very well get the whole outer ball between you and the inner one."

The *Herald* correspondent reflected.

"That's so. I didn't think of that. Well, I give up the sun. Now, let us hear you explain the darkness, professor?"

"I explain it by supposing that the earth revolves less swiftly at one time than another—by half the time, when there would be less electricity inside, and consequently less light."

Wilcox stared at him for a moment.

"Yes; exactly. Good-night, I'm going to bed."

And he did. And presently all the others followed his example.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SECRET OF THE NORTH POLE.

THE daylight which aroused the explorers on the following day was not like sunrise. The light appeared gradually, but it was like the sun rising behind a cloud, when the orb himself is invisible.

After breakfast a party was being formed to go on shore, when an object, moving in the water at some distance along the shore attracted the attention of all on board the *Jeannette*.

"It is a boat!" said Sam.

"Looks to me like a big fish—a sturgeon or shark," and Lieutenant Jasper went after the glass to reconnoitre.

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As the object drew nearer it could be seen that it was, in fact, a small boat of a peculiar construction, in which was seated the figure of a young man.

The boat moved swiftly through the water, yet it had neither oars nor sails. Soon it drew near the steamer, and its occupant made a gesture with one hand, as though asking permission to go on board.

The commander of the *Jeannette* hailed him, and he answered in perfect English, and as the boat drew alongside a sailor took from the young man one end of a cord of twisted grass, very strong and flexible, and tied it to the steamer. Then the young man stepped on board the *Jeannette*.

He seemed to recognize the ship's commander at sight, for he addressed himself at once to that officer.

"My people have heard of your visit, and of your desire to see our country, and have sent me to invite your presence, under certain restrictions, which will not be found very harsh."

"We shall be flattered by having obtained permission to visit you," said the commander, "and shall certainly recognize any regulations you may make."

"That is well. I am to remain with you and direct your steersman the way to go."

"Is it far from here?"

"About fifteen miles by water, and you will find good anchorage."

The fires were at once started and steam made; the anchor was hauled in, and the young man's boat was permitted to drag astern. The newcomer was not apparently more than twenty-three or twenty-four years old. His skin was perfectly white, and his hair long and curling. He had no beard. His dress was a white tunic, over which was a robe of thin white material, and he wore sandals made of grasses woven together.

He was affable and communicative, and looked about him with much interest at the steamer and her passengers, with whom he conversed freely.

In answer to a question from Captain St. Clair as to the motive power of his boat, he replied that it was electricity, and showed how the fluid was stored in cells of some material which resembled glass, and how it was made to act upon two fan-like propellers which operated under water.

"Then you are not entirely independent of mechanics," said the commander.

"Not at all," was the answer. "We are governed by the same natural laws that you are, only we understand them better, and more of them, and we can apply them with the use of simpler means. Yet we use all the metals, and indeed employ all materials for various purposes as you do. For our physical wants we have to use physical means; but our intelligence is higher, and we can communicate with each other in any language, or without using any."

To Mrs. St. Clair he said that they had about as many women as men in their race, and that they were divided into communities, with governments and laws, as on the surface of the earth.

"But our laws are not against evil, but simply directions how to do good, and do it in the best way. No one can do or think wrongly in this atmosphere."

"Well, that is a great relief to me," said Wilcox, comically; "because I always have to try very hard to be good, and now it will take care of itself."

"Oh, I cannot answer for your people, though I do not believe you will infringe on our habits and laws. I was only speaking in reference to ourselves."

The *Jeannette* had been under way for about an hour, when the young man directed that she should be steered around a certain headland which he indicated. This was done, and the ships entered a small bay through a narrow passage, and anchored in deep water, the bay being surrounded on all sides by highlands covered with forest.

Here the visitor said he must leave the steamer, and directed that no one should go on shore until he should return, which would be in the evening.

"We desire to introduce you to our people and our country under the most pleasing auspices, and it shows best at night."

His boat was accordingly brought round, and entering it, he started some invisible machinery, when the tiny craft sped along the waters like a bird, and was soon lost to sight in a cove that made up into the shore. The day was passed in quiet and rest.

Sam concluded that as he could not explore the land he would investigate the water.

So he procured a fish-line, and proceeded to fish off the side of the steamer. He had scarcely got his bait in the water when he felt a sharp pull, and on hauling in, discovered that he had caught a beautiful fish, of a species unknown to any one present. It was peculiar in being beautifully colored, like the dolphin, and weighed about five pounds. Being handed over to Pierre Flamont, that worthy declared that he could tell if a fish were good to eat by looking at it, and that this one would be certain to be delicious; and he carried it away to the caboose of the steamer, where he had been installed as chief cook at the beginning of the voyage.

Sam's success induced others to try, and there were soon a number of lines over the side of the steamer; and as the fish bit ravenously, the deck was soon alive with them.

There were several varieties, all quite strange, some of them very beautiful, and others hideously ugly in appearance.

At last Lieutenant Jasper had a tug at his line, which evidently came from something very much larger than any that had yet been caught. He had great difficulty in bringing the creature to the surface, and when it showed itself, Mrs. St. Clair and Emmeline screamed, and Jasper nearly let go his line.

A head like that of a wolf, with what seemed like hair overhanging the forehead; great, round, staring eyes, and a body at least six feet in length, shaped like a snake—it was a terrible creature to encounter, but the lieutenant was, nevertheless, determined to secure it.

One of the sailors was directed to bring a harpoon, and two others rigged a small sail, so that it could be employed as a landing net. The sharp spear was thrown by Jasper, while his line was held firmly by two of the men, and despite the fierce struggles of the creature, it was driven into the sail, and hauled to the deck, where it lay extended, thrashing about with its tail in all directions.

After a little, and seeing that it was not going to die speedily, one of the sailors knocked it on the head, and it stretched out, to all appearances, dead.

Terence, who was standing by, seeing the creature quiet, went near it and placed his hand on its ugly-looking head.

In an instant he measured his length on the deck—yet the fish had never moved.

The others looked in amazement at this curious occurrence, and as Terence picked himself up bewildered, one of the sailors kicked the thing. He had no sooner done so than he gave a howl and went off limping.

"What can be the matter?" said Emmeline; "the creature doesn't move."

"I know," said Sam.

"What do you know?" asked Wilcox.

"I know what keeled over these two chaps."

"Well, what did it, boy?" queried Captain Wortendyke.

"It's a torpedo!"

"A what?" asked Mrs. St. Clair.

"A torpedo. One of them fish that give shocks just like a battery. Here, Ralph (to his brother), he will make a good battery for you to start a cable."

"The boy is right," said Doctor Beaumont, who had been examining the fish closely, and had even touched it gently, experiencing a slight shock as he did so. "It is certainly a torpedo, of a different kind, though, from any set down in the books. In this strongly electrified region I do not wonder at its giving such powerful shocks."

"Well, if that's a torpedo," said Terence, "I don't want to try any of their firecrackers!"

The most remarkable thing about this fish was that his electrical properties did not begin to operate until after he was dead.

In the process of securing him, each of the sailors, and Lieutenant Jasper himself, had touched the creature without experiencing any sensation whatever.

Toward evening the sweet-faced young man who had visited the steamer in the morning came off again in his boat, and reported that he was going to remain with them until dark, but that the preparations of his people were not yet completed for the reception of their guests, and the meeting would have to be deferred until the following night.

"We have sent to gather in a large representation of our race," he said, "and they have to travel some distance. But to-night you will witness an illumination in your honor, which will interest and amuse you."

The news that they had got to wait another day before making the acquaintance of this new country and its remarkable people was too much for Sam's insatiable curiosity, and, despite the danger of the act, he determined to get ashore by some means, and take a peep at whatever might be going on.

Shortly after it became dark the hill-tops around the bay became suddenly illuminated. Some brilliant-colored lanterns gleamed from the trees, brilliant flames darted into the air from cavernous openings in the rocks, balls, apparently of fire, sped through the still darkness.

All stood on deck for hours enjoying this scene, presenting an exhibition such as the most lavish and ingenious display of fireworks had never accomplished, and effected, the young guide said, entirely by means of electricity.

While the show was at its height Sam quietly took the smallest of the ship's boats and got into the water. He had informed Wilcox of his intention, and the *Herald* correspondent, never backward when there was a chance for a "sensation," willingly agreed to accompany him.

They had the oars muffled, and by dint of great care and address succeeded in getting the boat away without being discovered, and pulled rapidly toward an opening in the rocks which Sam had already pitched upon, and through which he expected to be able to clamber up to the heights above.

They landed without difficulty, mooring their boat, and carefully defining its location in their minds. Then they began to climb.

They were quite a distance from the scene of the illumination, where they guessed the natives would doubtless be congregated, and so they hoped to escape their vigilance, aided though it might be by superhuman knowledge of their whereabouts.

"After all," said Sam, "I don't swaller that about knowing everything by the atmosphere, just as if it was a telegraph. Why, it would get all mixed up."

Wilcox laughed.

"It does look rather thin," he said.

It did not take long to climb the rocks, and on reaching the top a magnificent sight burst upon them.

As far as the eye could reach the level table-land on which they stood, high above the waters, was illuminated with colored lights in multitudes far beyond the possibility of human enumeration.

In the distance the two spies could see that a city extended beyond the reach of sight: a city of white walls, ornamented arches, temples and spires, far more beautiful than the one into which Sam had pushed his way on the occasion of his last adventure.

This entire settlement was illuminated also by electrical lamps, the whole suffusing the night with the most brilliant light imaginable.

After leaving the edge of the cliffs our two explorers found themselves in a broad road, which seemed to extend around the city, and they accordingly kept themselves carefully in the shadows at the side to avoid the possibility of discovery.

They were picking their steps cautiously, watching for every sign of life, when suddenly Wilcox stopped and made a warning gesture with his hand. Then he took Sam's arm and drew the boy quickly into the bushes by the side of the road.

He was none to soon.

In a moment two persons appeared, coming from the direction toward which they had been moving, and stopped to speak together immediately in front of them.

They were tall men, richly clad, dignified and seemingly in authority. Each carried a small truncheon of some bright metal, which glistened in the light of the illumination like pure gold.

"I certainly feel as if one of these strangers was near me," said one.

"It is because there are so many of them in the ship yonder. I have experienced the same feeling all the evening," replied the other.

"It must be as you suggest," responded the first speaker. "The messenger you sent on board their ship was the one I directed, was he not?"

"He is the very same. He is cunning and faithful, and no one can leave the ship while he is there."

The two watchers understood every word they said, yet they could not be sure that they spoke English. It flashed across the mind of the *Herald* correspondent that perhaps they, too, had already got the "gift of language" since reaching this uncanny spot.

Presently, the one who had first spoken again addressed his companion.

"Is everything prepared?"

"All is nearly in readiness."

"Are the connections made, and the wires all in readiness?"

"They are. And late in the night our swift and silent emissaries will attach them to the ship."

"Those creatures little imagine what will befall them before to-morrow night."

"But little, indeed. Nor do they imagine that had they passed this spot and continued their voyage but for a few hours, they would have been able to return to the surface of the earth, and perhaps announce to their friends that they had made the discovery which so many have fruitlessly attempted."

"That must never be," rejoined the other, who was evidently the more important personage of the two. "It will never do to have the real secret of the North Pole disclosed to human beings. Already they are growing to know too much, and with that intelligence in their possession, they would soon be our equals, and we should cease to be the mighty keepers of that dread secret."

"You have finally concluded that it is best to destroy them all, and at once?"

"Therein will lie our only safety. There are men there who are wise beyond their fellows, and who already suspect something of the truth. If they were permitted to live, and particularly if they remained here, they would speedily compass all that we know, despite all our efforts to prevent the disclosure. No, they must all perish, as so many have perished before them."

"How very far from imagining the fate of Sir John Franklin, Crozier, and the rest are their fellow-beings!"

"So it shall be with these."

The two had been watching the progress of the illumination, which lighted up the bay, and caused the lines of the *Jeannette*, her masts and cordage, to stand out in the clear, bright light like a phantom-ship.

They now turned, and continued their walk slowly in the direction whence they had come.

"Are you all right, Sam?" asked Wilcox, when the others were out of hearing.

The boy drew a long breath, and clasped the hand of his companion, but made no reply.

"Come, we must hurry back. I tell you, boy, it's a lucky thing we gave them the slip this night."

"They meant to explode the steamer," said Sam, excitedly, and below his breath.

"That's just it. They were going to turn on the whole force of this infernal electrical machinery, and send us all to Davy Jones's locker."

"They can't do wrong, because they don't know how," said Sam, as they hurried back, and quoting the smooth-faced youth who was arranging this catastrophe.

"Oh, he's a nice young man, and they've put up a pretty job on us," said Wilcox, savagely.

"But if we don't hang on to him for a specimen of this crowd, the commander is a different man from what I take him to be."

"I'd *hang* him, not hang on to him," responded Sam.

"No, hanging is too good for him. We'll exhibit him when we get home as a specimen of the 'truly good' young men they raise at the North Pole. Good Lord! what a hypocrite!"

They found their way easily to the point where they had climbed the rocks, and hastened down the steep side, discovering the boat safely floating where they had moored it. Jumping in, they rowed stealthily out to the ship, and succeeded in getting aboard without being discovered, and found that they had not even been missed.

At once they managed to attract the attention of the commander, Captain St. Clair, and Captain Wortendyke, and called them into the cabin, where they disclosed the terrible secret they had discovered.

The commander set his teeth hard, and Captain St. Clair turned a shade paler when he thought of his wife. All three wrung the hands of Wilcox and Sam, and then turned to discussing the situation.

A plan was devised and adopted at once, and all went on deck, where the angelic young North Polar inhabitant was found discoursing very learnedly to the group about him, the ladies, in particular, being quite fascinated with his pleasing manners and powers of description.

Captain St. Clair interrupted the conversation to say that the anchor of the steamer was not holding very well, and the commander had concluded to move their position a short distance.

The young man seemed a little nervous at hearing this, but he could not very well offer an objection to an order of the commander, so he said nothing, and in a few moments the fires were being got ready.

No further explanation was made, and presently steam was got up, the anchor was weighed, and the *Jeannette* began to move through the water, her progress being lighted by the illumination on the rocks, which still continued.

The steamer's bow veered slowly round, under the direction of the steersman, and soon she headed directly for the opening through which she had entered the bay.

Then the commander's voice was heard from the bridge.

"Crowd all steam, and get her out of this infernal trap!"

At that moment the young man first perceived that the plot had been discovered. With a cry like a wounded animal he made a movement to regain his boat. In an instant three stalwart seamen had him pinioned closely in their arms.

In another moment the three men were cast headlong to the ground. The young man had drawn from his breast a little truncheon, like those which Sam and Wilcox had seen in the hands of the two whom they had met on shore, and had struck these senseless with the electric charge it swayed.

Springing to the rail, he leaped upon it, and, with a wild cry of defiance, plunged beneath the waters. In a moment he reappeared on the surface, and scarcely seeming to touch it, skimmed along the crest of the waves so swiftly that in a moment he was out of sight.

Then the *Jeannette* entered the dark passage which led to the sea beyond, and as she passed through this safely, the whole air was alive with fire, the rocks around reverberated to the terrific crash of unceasing thunder, and the elements themselves seemed to be combined to war against the rash intruders into the hidden secrets of nature.

But presently the fury died harmlessly away, darkness settled down like a pall, and the *Jeannette* steamed swiftly in the direction which her two enemies had indicated in the presence of her saviors as that in which alone safety for ship and passengers could at last be found.

CHAPTER XXV.

ESCAPED, AND HOMEWARD BOUND—A FLOATING RELIC.

FORTUNATELY for the flying steamer, their way was soon illuminated by the coming of the electric day, which took the place of sunlight in this mysterious subterranean region.

All now watched eagerly for the point of escape indicated by the conversation which had been overheard on shore by Sam and Wilcox.

For hours the steamer skirted the bold and rugged coast without an opening being discovered, and a nervous anxiety to fly from the almost supernatural surroundings haunted all those on board.

There now began to appear a susceptible current setting in the direction in which they were sailing, and under its influence the *Jeannette* soon acquired a tremendous speed.

It became plain that their course lay in the direction of a circle. In the centre was the wonderful land of the North Pole, which they were circumnavigating. In the circumference was nothing to be seen but the lurid electric atmosphere which invested it.

The commander, with his chief officer, watched with anxiety the course which the steamer was now following despite herself, while Captain St. Clair and Captain Wortendyke were not less impressed with the importance of the emergency.

Suddenly the lookout forward shouted:

"Land on the port bow!"

As they had been sailing always to the left, and the only land to be seen had been on the starboard side, this cry naturally awakened great interest among those who were on the watch, and they hurried forward to satisfy themselves as to the nature of the new discovery.

At this moment, and as they approached this land, the character of the atmosphere changed.

The strange, weird, radiance went out, leaving a dull, gray twilight, in which it was more difficult to see, but which seemed, somehow, more natural than the other.

At the same time the *Jeannette* became strangely agitated. The waters beneath her, which had hitherto been a swift but still current, now grew rough, and the steamer pitched uneasily.

The commander had been studying the scene through his glass. Closing this of a sudden, he pointed upward.

"Thank heaven," he said, "we are out of that."

"What do you mean?" asked Captain St. Clair, looking in the direction indicated.

"I mean that we are on earth again. Do you not see those stars?"

The commander was right.

The *Jeannette* had circumnavigated the North Pole within the interior of the earth, and had emerged at the same opening where she entered.

The Arctic sun was below the horizon, the sky was filled with stars—that seemed like old friends long absent, now that they had returned to view—and to the left a long, low strip of land seemed almost to hang over "Symmes's Hole," the outpost guarding the upper from the nether world.

It was now morning, and the passengers, who had retired, worn out with the night's excitement, were called to enjoy the change in their affairs.

All hurried on deck when summoned, and many were the cries of delight at being once more on the surface of the earth.

"Oh, you dear little fellow," cried Emmeline, apostrophizing the North Star, which gleamed exactly above her head; "I thought I was never going to see you again."

"No more electricity in mine," said the *Herald* correspondent. "I am perfectly satisfied to go to my grave with nothing but starlight and sunlight to read and flirt by."

"But you promised me you would never flirt," whispered a soft voice beside him.

"And I never will," and Wilcox squeezed the little hand, which lay temptingly near his own, and if any one had seen them he would have recognized that the *Herald* correspondent had found means to press his suit, despite the watchful care of mamma, and that he had fairly beaten his competitors.

But Greenough had long beeen out of the love-race, while Sam had transferred his affections and his attentions to the pretty Arctic brunette, to whom he had occupied his time teaching the complicated absurdities of the English language.

The course of the steamer was now laid to the southwest, while the commander retired with the two captains to study the charts and arrange for the future.

"How large do you suppose this opening is?" asked Captain St. Clair.

"I have been making rough calculations, and I should say about one hundred miles in diameter, and that we have come out opposite to where we went in."

"I think you have just hit it. That is what I had concluded myself," said Captain Wortendyke.

"What are your plans?" said Captain St. Clair.

"Well, I think I shall head in the direction of Behring's Straits."

"But, then," said Captain Wortendyke, "you will have to stem that tremendous current which whirled my boat through the straits as though it were an arrow shot from a gun."

"I have thought of that, and it is my belief, gentlemen, that the current in question has expended its force long ago, and that we shall meet with no difficulty on that score. You must remember that the sudden increase of speed was occasioned by the union of the Gulf Stream and the Japan current, which have, since uniting, spread half way round the globe."

"I am quite of the commander's opinion," said Captain St. Clair; "but there is still another matter of importance to consider in regard to our present course."

"And that is?" said Captain Wortendyke, curiously.

"The Magnetic Pole!"

"Oh, dear, now we have got another bugbear."

And Mrs. St. Clair, who had just entered the cabin, dropped into a chair, and looked so comically despairing that all burst out in shouts of laughter.

The noise called in Lieutenants Jasper and De Vergne and Doctor Beaumont, who were on deck, while Wilcox, Greenough and Sam ran in from the after-cabin; and Professor Corbeau, who had been dozing in an armchair with a handkerchief over his head, jumped up and stared wildly about him.

Emmeline, who had entered with her mother, and leading Toluia by the hand, was so impressed with the entire comical situation that she nearly went into hysterics.

When quiet was restored, Professor Corbeau asked: "What is the matter?"

This simple query sent everybody off again, and it was only after some minutes that, on Mrs. St. Clair being appealed to to state the meaning of her first remark, replied:

"Why, Captain Wortendyke, not satisfied with our having passed through the perils of freezing, roasting and boiling——"

"Of being carried to the ends of the earth by one current, and tumbled into its inside by another," said Wilcox.

"Of being chewed up by a gorilla, and shaken up by a torpedo-fish," chimed in Sam.

"Of being captured and offered as a burnt sacrifice by Arctic Indians," cried Jasper.

"Of being battered to pieces by a cable telegram," said Greenough.

"And of being interviewed by the supernatural North Polanders," urged Doctor Beaumont.

"Not satisfied with having safely escaped all these perils," continued Mrs. St. Clair, in a convulsion of laughter, "Captain Wortendyke has now found out a new danger."

"And what in the world is that?" said Professor Corbeau, enthusiastically rubbing his hands.

"The Magnetic Pole."

"Another pole? What is it, and where is it?" asked Wilcox.

Thus appealed to, Captain Wortendyke proceeded to enlighten the assemblaged company by requesting Lieutenant De Vergne to do it for him, which created another laugh, at his expense.

"Captain Wortendyke," began the lieutenant, "is as well informed on this subject, doubtless, as myself, perhaps better; but as he has deputed me to answer for him, I will do the best I can. The Magnetic Pole is an imaginary point——"

"Oh, if it is imaginary, it can't hurt us much," said Emmeline.

"An imaginary point," continued Lieutenant De Vergne, "which is only imaginary, however, in the fact that no one has ever been able to put his finger on it——"

"Or his whole body, as Mr. Wilcox and I did with the North Pole," interrupted Sam.

"Precisely. Nevertheless, there is no doubt of there being such a point, nor that it revolves around the North Pole about once in six hundred and forty years."

"More or less," said Wilcox, satirically.

Without noticing the interruption of the *Herald* correspondent, except by looking at him severely, the lieutenant continued:

"At present this point is somewhere in Prince Albert Land, in about latitude seventy-two degrees north, and longitude one hundred and fourteen degrees west. Now, it is a well-known fact that where the Magnetic Pole is we find the lowest temperature. And as our course toward Behring's Straits will take us within the range of its influence, we may suppose that we shall experience the old-fashioned Arctic weather again."

"That is precisely what I was going to suggest," said Captain Wortendyke, with an injured air.

"Dear me," cried Emmeline; "then we have got to go through all that misery over again. I hate frozen weather."

"My dear young lady," here remarked the commander, "I think I may be able to lay the course of the *Jeannette* so as to escape the worst of the magnetic influence, concerning which the captain and Lieutenant De Vergne are doubtless perfectly correct, and we may find a different state of things altogether. You know ours has been a journey of surprises."

So it was decided to keep well to the westward, and certainly thus far there were no evidences of cold weather.

The same tropical conditions seemed to exist that they had found on the eastern side of the Pole, only the low altitude of the sun at this season made a difference, of course, and the weather was less warm than that which had hitherto been experienced.

The sea continued open, and the weather fair. Every day the sun rose higher, and remained above the horizon longer.

Soon the officers began to be surprised at encountering no ice.

"Positively," said the commander, on one occasion, when they had gone about seven hundred miles from the Pole, "I begin to think we are not going to find so much ice, after all."

The *Jeannette* was now in eighty degrees north latitude and one hundred and eighteen west longitude. The sea continued open, the temperature was balmy and pleasant, and all were on the lookout for land, which was now within a hundred miles or so, by the chart.

The commander and the two captains were busy over their calculations, at which Lieutenant De Vergne assisted. A careful watch was kept in all directions; still no land.

At length, one morning, the gentlemen seemed more serious than usual, and at length Captain St. Clair sprang from his seat, excitedly.

"I have it, gentlemen; I am sure of it!"

"Well, what?" inquired the commander.

"Why, these islands and small continents which have been set down on the charts and their coast-lines explored are gone, sunk altogether."

"How could that happen?"

"Why, suppose that their foundation was only ice; when these hot currents came sweeping up this way the ice will have melted, and away goes your dry land."

"But," said Captain Wortendyke, "how did the dry land get there in the first place?"

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Captain St. Clair. "Islands are always making, and whatever may be the reason, it is certain they are not here."

"There is no disputing that," said the commander, who was carefully inspecting a chart before him. "Exactly where we are is the centre of Melville Island, and there is no land within sight. It is inexplicable."

"I think," said Lieutenant De Vergne, "that Captain St. Clair has hit upon the correct explanation."

"Well," said the commander, "I am not going to give it up. I shall cruise down here for a while, and see if I can't pick up an island."

The steamer was now headed to the southeastward, the commander having determined to look out for certain well-known localities.

It had become necessary by this time for the *Jeannette* to economize in coal, though there was still enough on board to take her safely home if it were used sparingly.

It was, therefore, decided by her commander to go under sail whenever practicable, and her canvas being overhauled, patched, and put in as good order as was possible, a sufficient spread was obtained to enable her to bowl along freely before the brisk wind which now held steadily.

She was now heading for Prince of Wales Island, and, as had been the case with Melville Island, passed over the spot formerly occupied by the territory of that name. Thence the *Jeannette* sailed through what had been Franklin Strait, but was now open sea, and discovered that Boothia and King William's Land had shared in the general submergence which seemed to have destroyed islands and continents without mercy, and with as much ease as though they had been patches of seaweed floating on the surface of the hungry waters.

Here the explorers found somewhat colder weather, but still no ice, and a little farther south land was sighted, being, in fact, the continent of America, in the neighborhood of the Great Fish, or Back River.

It was the commander's intention to retrace his lost ground from this point, but the earnest request of all the passengers, and their desire to set their feet on shore again, induced him to push for the shore.

The *Jeannette* found a good anchorage at the mouth of the Back River, and one morning a boat pushed off from the steamer, having on board the commander and several of his passengers, including, of course, Sam and the *Herald* correspondent.

The party landed, but had not proceeded half a dozen steps when Wilcox stopped so suddenly that the rest of the party paused also to see what was the matter.

"By Jove!" was his pertinent remark.

"What is it!" asked Captain Wortendyke.

"Forgot something?" queried Sam.

"We have all forgotten something," said Wilcox. "There need be no further expeditions after Sir John Franklin's remains."

"That is so," said Captain St. Clair. "We have passed over the spot where must have been found, if anywhere, any remaining relics of that ill-fated explorer."

"But, if I remember rightly," remarked the commander, "a part of the Franklin expedition, under Captain Crozier, crossed over about where we now are, and penetrated some distance inland, where they are supposed to have perished."

"That is the fact," said Lieutenant Jasper. "About forty of the party were traced from King William's Land, and reached a point a little to the westward of this place."

Another boat now landed from the steamer, bringing the ladies, including Tolula, and Professor Corbeau and Doctor Beaumont.

The entire party set out on a stroll inland, glad to stretch their limbs on dry land, though not much interested in the rugged and forbidding-looking country in which they now were.

But even here the change of climate had made a difference already, and, Winter though it was, there could be seen signs of vegetation, evidently very different from the state of things described by former explorers.

While they were traveling slowly along, picking their way over the rough country, Sam, who, as well as the other males of the party, was armed with a breech-loading rifle, discovered some creature moving in a clump of low shrubbery a short distance away.

Stealing slowly from his party, the lad crept toward the place where he could see the movement in the bush, and when within range, fired.

In a moment there was a crash in the bushes, and then a large, fierce-looking animal sprang forward, and bore down upon Sam, tossing his head, and bellowing savagely. Sam ran in the direction of the others, and Lieutenant Jasper, who happened to be nearest him, raised his rifle and shot the creature dead, which tumbled headforemost into the dirt, and rolled over.

"A musk-ox," cried Jasper, "and a young one."

"Beef enough for a month!" said Captain St. Clair, who had come up and recognized the animal at once.

The ladies had all screamed at the first fire and run to the shore; but they now returned to look at the game.

"Is it good to eat?" asked Emmeline, as she stood looking at the shaggy creature lying dead at her feet.

"Splendid, miss," answered Jasper. "The meat is just like young beef, with a flavor of its own, however, which is delicious."

The commander gave orders for his men to skin and cut up the ox in their absence, and the party continued their ramble.

Now it chanced that Queeny was along, and being a little envious of the success of Sam in encountering adventures, this redoubtable Irishman thought he would look out for a chance to distinguish himself.

He accordingly hung back, undiscovered, and when the party had disappeared behind a little rise in the ground, he started toward the bush to see what he could discover.

It was not a very extensive patch, but Terence concluded it would be wiser not to go very deeply into its mysteries, and, accordingly, skirted along its edge. The Irishman was not aware that the musk-ox prefers the open ground, and only enters the bush by accident, when it comes in the way of his travels. Moving along stealthily, with his rifle ready in his hand, Terence peered constantly among the small trees in search of game. In this way he worked along until he was within sight of the others, and had just reached the end of the bush. Right here he stopped for a moment to look about him, when a rush was heard, accompanied by a hideous roar, and the next that was seen was the Irishman flying through the air, and the huge old bull that had tossed him pawing the ground and lashing his flanks with his tail, while he awaited Terence to come down again.

Terence came down in a heap in the bush. And at the same moment a pistol-shot, fired by Wilcox, brought the bull to his knees, when Captain St. Clair stepped to his side and finished him with his revolver. Then Terence crept from the broken scrub into which he had fallen, presenting—scratched, torn and bleeding—a rueful spectacle.

"Are you much hurt, Terence?" inquired Captain St. Clair, in a tone of commiseration, mingled with ill-concealed merriment.

"Is it hurted? Begorrah, ye may say that. If there's a whole bone in me body it's a mi-ra-cle. Arrah, you brute," he continued, kicking the prostrate carcass; "it's aisy seein' what kind of craytures they brade in these counthries, ye decateful beggar!"

"And why deceitful?" inquired Captain St. Clair, who saw that the Irishman was not seriously injured.

"Bedad, wasn't he on wun side uv me whin I thought he was on the other, and isn't that decate?"

At which Hibernianism the others, who had come up, joined the captain in laughing heartily.

"More beef," said Wilcox.

"That beef's no use," observed Jasper, contemptuously.

"What's the matter with that beef?"

"It's an old bull. The flesh would be so impregnated with musk that it could not be eaten," said Captain St. Clair, answering the question for his junior.

"Well, it's a good thing, for it's too far to lug it to the shore, anyway," said Wilcox.

"Where's Sam?" asked Emmeline, as they turned to walk on.

"Plague take that boy," said Captain Wortendyke, nervously; "he's up to some mischief again, I'll be bound."

And at this moment Sam's voice was heard crying out loudly, and all hurried in the direction of the sound, certain that some new perplexity threatened them on account of "that dreadful boy," as Mrs. St. Clair said.

Sam was standing by the edge of the water with something in his hand. As the others drew near he held it up, when it was seen to be a large tin can.

"I found it caught in the rocks," said Sam, "and there's writing on it, but I can't make it out."

"Oh, nonsense," said Wilcox; "it's some old can that Pierre has thrown overboard."

"*Is* it?" responded Sam, indignantly. "There isn't a can like it on the ship, and it's been in the water since the year one."

Captain St. Clair took the can in his hands and examined it; then he handed it to the commander, who looked at it carefully through a glass which he took from his pocket, and which was a powerful magnifier.

The can was about eight inches high and five inches in diameter.

It was rusted, battered and covered nearly all over with barnacles.

But at one place where Sam had scraped these off could be seen scratches, evidently made with some sharp instrument, and which evidently were made in the construction of letters.

"Here is a date," said the commander, reading: "Ju—July, Eighteen—fifty. F—R——" he continued; "Frank—Franklin. Why, it's a relic of the Franklin Expedition."

All gathered about the commander, and examined the battered can gravely, and with interest.

By still further scraping and cleaning away the deposit which had accumulated upon it, they were soon enabled to decipher enough of the inscription to be assured of its nature and occasion. As finally transcribed, it read thus:

"*** July 8th, 1850. Franklin Expedition. Great Fish River. Last survivor of Captain Crozier's party. Report and Records.***"

The can was not sealed, but an old piece of hoop-iron had been bound tightly about the place of connection with the cover, and over this had been lashed tarred rope-yarn, which had become so solid as to resist exposure, and the tossing about which it must have received in the water.

The commander of the *Jeannette* concluded not to open the can, but to take it home with him, and have it opened before authorities properly appointed to take charge of so important a relic.

The party now set about returning to the boat, and found on reaching it that the crew had taken on board the meat of the musk-ox, which they had skinned and cut up.

All now got aboard, and were speedily rowed out to the steamer, which, in as short a time as possible, got up anchor and proceeded on her voyage.

(To be continued.)

"Topsy-Turvy" was commenced in No. 666.

THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE foundation of the new Eddystone Lighthouse was laid August 19th by the Duke of Edinburgh. The formal commencement of the structure on the 21st of June, as first proposed, was prevented by the roughness of the sea. On the day of the final celebration the weather was rainy, but the water was sufficiently smooth to permit the carrying out of the programme.

The Eddystone rocks are situated in the English Channel, fourteen miles southwest of Plymouth and twelve and a half from Rame Head. They are almost in the line which joins the Start and Lizard points, and in the fair way of all vessels coasting the southern shore of England. So exposed are they to the ocean swell from the south and west that even in comparatively calm weather the waves go raging and thundering over their ledges, and their name indicates the incessant swirl of the deep about them.

The new lighthouse will stand one hundred and twenty seven feet from the present tower on the South Reef, a rock which the House Rock protects from the southwest, but which has the disadvantage of being much lower, its highest part being never uncovered before half tide, while the lowest parts, on which most of the foundation rests, are four feet beneath the low water level of an ordinary spring tide.

Most of the work done thus far has had to be done under water, and owing to the force of the waves the work could be carried on only at brief and specially favorable intervals. It is expected that the high water level will be reached early next year, when the work will proceed more rapidly, as the courses of stone are accurately fitted together on shore. It is thought that it will take five years to complete the lighthouse, which is to follow generally the lines of the present one, though it will differ from it slightly in form and considerably in size.

To a height of twenty-five and a half feet above high water mark the tower will be solid, with the exception of a space for a water tank. The side walls beginning at this level will be eight and a half feet thick, diminishing to two and a half feet at the top. Nothing but granite will be used, and the blocks will be large enough to form the entire thickness of the hollow portion of the tower. Under the cornice, to the top of which it is one hundred and thirty-eight feet from the rock, the diameter of the tower will be eighteen and a half feet; it will contain nine rooms, besides the lantern, each being ten feet high, and the seven uppermost ones fourteen feet in diameter. The focal plane of the new lighthouse will be one hundred and thirty feet above high water, as compared with seventy-two feet in the present building, and the actual useful range of the light will thus be extended from fourteen to seventeen and a half nautical miles. About 5,100 tons of granite will be employed in the construction, and fifty tons of iron for door castings and the like. The fog-bell, erected in 1872, will be replaced by a powerful siren, and the electric light probably be used. The estimated cost of the work is between $300,000 and $350,000.

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARD MONEY.

WHEN Captain Spike and Vangs reached New York they lost no time in seeking the office of Mr. Sargoe.

"Going alone?" Spike exclaimed. "What are you going to say to the boss?"

"Leave that to me," replied Vangs.

"You want half of my check?"

"I do. Get your check and keep your word," replied Vangs.

"But if you say anything I may be spoilt."

"I shan't go into the office till you're through. No fear; I'm not the man to spoil anything."

They walked down to Beaver Street, and Vangs waited outside while the captain went in.

Mr. Sargoe was in his private office, and had left orders that directly Spike arrived he should be admitted.

"Ha! Spike, glad to see you safe," exclaimed Mr. Sargoe. "Terrible thing, that fire. How did it happen?"

"Can't say, sir. It must have been spontaneous combustion," replied the captain.

"Possibly. It's a great loss to me. I'm scarcely covered by the insurance."

"Bad job that, sir."

"Very. But no matter; better luck next time. I don't blame you. When I have another ship ready for sea I'll send for you. Meantime, enjoy yourself on shore. Here is something to enable you to do it with."

He handed the captain of the ill-fated *Armadillo* a roll of bills, which the latter put in his pocket without counting it.

Mr. Sargoe was too smart to give him a check.

"You'll excuse me now, I'm busy. If the underwriters want to see you, where are you staying?"

"At Sweeney's Hotel, sir."

"That is right," replied Mr. Sargoe, jotting down the address in his memorandum book. "Good-day, Spike. Have a good time."

When he got outside he met Vangs, who questioned him with a look.

"I'm all hunk," said Spike, in a low tone.

"Where will you wait for me?" asked the first officer.

"At the hotel."

"Good enough!"

With an air of assurance, Vangs entered the office and inquired for Mr. Sargoe, and the clerk took in his name.

"Can't see you now," said the clerk, on his at
turn. the
"Very sorry, I'm sure, to disturb the pre
exclaimed Vangs, "but I *must* see him." wherever
"Am I to tell him that?" to?" he
"Certainly." he struck
Then the clerk saw that Vang his arms and
him to put out of the office, and like a convulsed
best thing he could do was to le
ployer to fight the matter out be ack of steed—
He again went into the inner " returned the
of which the sacred word "priva
This time he emerged followed n't feel the
whose face was flushed, as if he was d Swags, and
temper in the world. ; he was ten
"Can't you take 'No' for an answe the ground,
the owner of the *Armadillo*. rewers, to
"Not this trip," replied Vangs. entertain-
"What do you want to see me about nteresting,
"That's my biz." und until
"Who are you?" t an ox in
"First officer of the *Armadillo*." roasting.
At this response Mr. Sargoe started, a t; I'm
withdrawing the spectacles through whic rs.
been eying the intruder upon his privacy, he y,"
oned to him to enter the inner-room.

This Vangs exhibited no hesitation in doing.

When he was inside Sargoe shut the door with his own hand, and locked it.

"Now you can speak," he said.

Vangs coolly took a seat.

"You didn't ask me to sit down," he exclaimed; "but I don't charge any more for sitting."

"Charge! What do you mean?"

"I've a little bill against you, sir."

"Oh! your pay, I suppose. That is all right," said Mr. Sargoe, smiling a pleasant smile. "You will all be paid off at this office at two o'clock to-morrow."

"Ah!" said Vangs. "But I've got an extra in my bill."

"An extra!"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?" demanded Mr. Sargoe, again adjusting his spectacles to take another look at the first officer.

"Shall I repeat it to you?"

"By all means."

"For standing by while Captain Spike set fire to the ship, according to orders received from the owner, $10,000."

Mr. Sargoe stood aghast.

He was completely taken aback, and leant against the table for support.

"Have you come here to blackmail me, my good fellow?" he exclaimed, at length.

"That's just the kind of a belaying-pin I am," replied Vangs.

"But you seem to forget that there is such a thing as law in this country, and that I can have you punished for this barefaced and outrageous attempt."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Vangs. "That's too thin!"

"What!"

"It's played out. You set Spike to fire the ship. I tumbled to it, and let him do it. You've just paid him $5,000 for doing it. I want double the money for not doing it."

"You're a scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Sargoe.

"What are you?" retorted Vangs.

"I'll have you arrested!"

"Say another word of that sort and I'll go to the underwriters, and we'll soon see who'll be arrested."

Mr. Sargoe wiped the perspiration away from his brow, it having collected there in large beads.

Recovering himself by an effort, he exclaimed:

"Do you understand my position as a merchant in this city?"

"Don't care a snap for it," replied Vangs.

"You don't?" said Sargoe, shocked at this irreverence.

"I'll knock it all down like a house of cards."

"But it took years to build up, and I stand A 1."

"You just pay over the money I want or you'll stand Z 0."

"If I give you what you ask will you let me alone?"

"Oh, yes; I won't trouble you till I want some more," replied Vangs.

"What do you take me for, Mr.—ah—Mr. ——"

"Vangs."

"What is your idea, Mr. Fangs?"

"Vangs, I tell you."

"This is extortion," continued Sargoe. "I am being robbed."

"So are your insurers. If I'm a thief, you're a worse one. Look the thing in the face like a man. Put all your buncombe and false morality on one side, and cash up."

"Well, well. Wait here till I go to the bank. What's the lowest you'll take?"

"Now you're talking business," said Vangs. "I don't weaken a cent on what I asked," in the beginning and I don't intend to."

"Say half."

"No, sir; ten thousand dollars is my figure."

"But consider. It's a large sum, Mr. Bangs."

"Vangs, I tell you," said that individual, loudly. "What do you want to call me out of my name for?"

"I'm sure I didn't mean anything."

"Go and get the money."

"Say seven thousand. Won't that do. Times are very hard."

"With me they are, but not with you."

"Ah! you don't understand the ins and outs of business, Mr. Pangs."

"If you say that again, I'll hit you!" cried Vangs.

"Pardon me; my mind is upset. Don't excite yourself," replied Sargoe. "I'll get the money, Mr. Flangs."

"Now, see here, are you a-doin' this on purpose to aggravate me?" "No, indeed."

"If I thought you was, I'd put a roof on you, you old fool. Step out lively for the scrip. I ain't had a drink within half an hour, and I'm thirsty."

With a sigh Mr. Sargoe put on his hat and went to the bank, where he drew out the required sum in crisp, fresh bills, which had never been used.

There were twenty of them, for five hundred apiece; and when he came back he handed them to the first officer with evident reluctance.

"You see I comply with your demand," he said.

"Because you can't help yourself," said Vangs.

"It's financial ruin to me."

"Humbug! I'll admit it takes a little of the gilt off the gingerbread; but you're a heavy winner yet, and I was a fool not to ask for double."

"Now, don't you do it!" exclaimed Sargoe, thoroughly frightened. "You're a vampire, a ghoul, and want to clean me out. I won't put up with it, Wangs; I won't, indeed."

"Wangs!" exclaimed the first officer. "That's a nice name to call a chap. I never was called Wangs, and I won't be. Mine's a good New England name, and you want to make a Chinee of it. Just you stop. I want you to stop."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Kangs."

"It isn't Kangs, either."

"No, no; of course not. It's Dangs. I ought to have known. I apologize, Dangs. It sha'n't occur again."

"Well, if you ain't the worst old idiot ever I saw! but I'll bet you'll know my name well enough before I've done with you! Dangs, indeed! How would you like me to call you Bargo, or Cargo, or Nogo, or Poko?"

"Well, well, you've got your money. Keep your mouth closed and I'll find you a ship."

"All right. Tra-la-la! I like doing business with you, old man. Now, I'm going to have a high old time, and when I'm dead broke you'll see me again."

"When will that be?"

"Oh, not long. Money don't last me. I spent five thousand dollars over in 'Frisco in a week," replied Vangs.

He put on his cap, and, having stowed away the money, advanced to the door.

When he reached it he stopped, and said:

"You're sure these bills are genuine?"

"Just as they came out of the United States Treasury," replied Sargoe.

"Is that Gospel truth?"

"I'll swear it. What more do you want? I never saw such a fellow as you, Mangs!" exclaimed Sargoe.

There was a footstool near Vangs, and taking it up, he threw it at the shipowner.

It struck him on the nose, splintering up his spectacles till they were the sickest pair in the city that day, and made his nose bleed; then carroming on his eye, it bunged it up badly, and sent him sprawling on the floor.

In falling, he clutched at the table, and draggedthe inkpot down, its contents falling all over him, and making him assume the appearance of a piebald darkey.

"Help! help! murder! help!" cried the wretched man.

"I told you what you'd get if you went Wanging and Banging me!" said Vangs.

"I think I'm the one who's banged this time!" moaned Sargoe.

The clerks rushed in to know what was the matter.

"He's got a fit," said Vangs.

"Take this man away!" exclaimed Sargoe. "He's got a design against my life, I guess."

"Oh, I don't want any taking. I'm going at the double-quick," said Vangs.

One of the clerks attempted to put him out, but his zeal in his master's cause was not rewarded as it deserved to be.

Vangs exclaimed, "Hands off, Pompey!" and dealt him a blow which made him see more stars in a minute than he had ever counted on a Summer night while out sparking with his ladylove.

The clerks recoiled in dismay.

"Shall I go for an officer?" asked one.

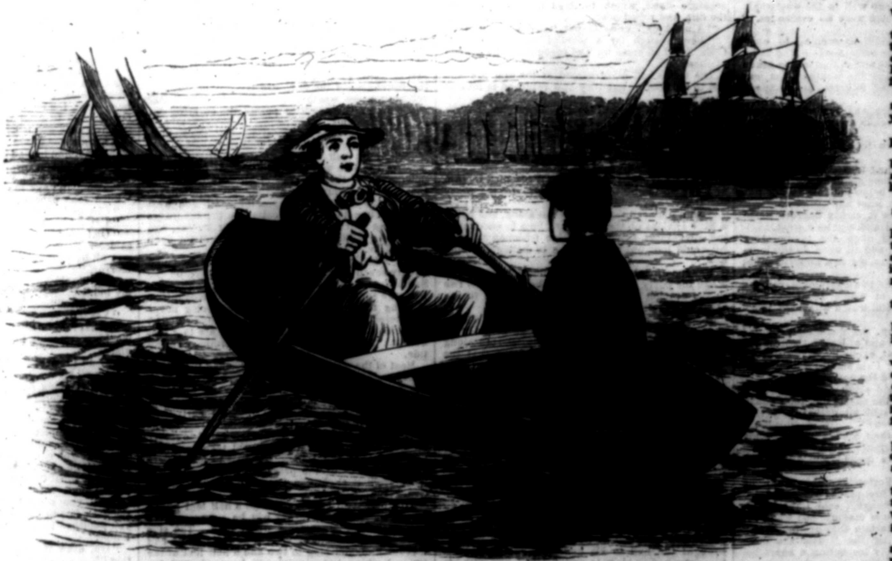
"No, no!" replied Mr. Sargoe, recovering himself, and wiping the blood from his nose. "Let him go. It's all a mistake. He's a friend of mine, is Mr. Langs."

"Ker[illegible]ox you," exclaimed Vangs, "you're at it again! It's lucky I haven't another footstool; but I guess I'll give you a rest now."

He stopped to light a cigar, and then coolly strolled into the street, the master of the situation.

At once he proceeded to join Captain Spike at the hotel.

To his surprise, Spike was not there, and on inquiry, he found that he had not been there.



ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"ROB PUSHED OFF THE BOAT, AND WAS SOON BUSILY SCULLING ACROSS FROM AMBOY TO STATEN ISLAND. HE KNEW HE WOULD HAVE A WELCOME AT HIS AUNT'S."

"Playing me false, eh?" said Vangs to himself. "Thinks he'll get off with his five thousand dollars. That's smart. I didn't think he knew so much. But we shall meet—yes, sir; and when we do——"

He broke off abruptly, and began to pummel an imaginary object in the air in such a violent manner that he quite alarmed the hotel-clerk.

Not that hotel-clerks are, as a rule, easily alarmed, for they have about as much brass in their composition as falls to the lot of ordinary mortals.

Suddenly Vangs stopped his gymnastic performance.

"That's pretty play," observed the hotel-clerk, admiringly.

"Yes, I can use my knuckle-dusters," replied Vangs. "Give me a brandy punch—plenty of brandy and no fruit."

"Yes, sir. Going to stay in the hotel, sir?" asked the hotel-clerk, whose respect for his customer was vastly increased by his display of pugilistic prowess.

"Not to-night; I'm going out of town."

"It's well to be you, sir," said the clerk, concocting the drink. "Going to the Branch?"

"No; it's too high-toned there for me."

"Try Rockaway. Nice place Rockaway, sir. Good surf-bathing."

"Want something quieter."

"Take a trip to Staten Island. Very pretty, quiet, good fishing and yachting. Fond of yachting, sir? You look like a seafaring man."

"Yes," replied Vangs. "You can tell what I am by the cut of my jib. I'm a sailor. Your advice is good, so is your punch. I'll go to the island. South Ferry, isn't it?"

"Yes, foot of Whitehall Street."

"Good enough! Give me a dozen cigars, and ask your boss to change this five hundred-dollar note for me."

The clerk procured him the change, and Vangs, with the rest of the money securely buttoned up in an inside pocket, started for the ferry.

Although he had missed Spike, he was in an excellent temper.

He had done a good day's work, and felt sure of finding Spike some day or another.

Even if he didn't, he could do without the money he had promised him.

His intention was to go to Staten Island, find some quiet hotel, and "lay off" for a week, while he amused himself by fishing or yachting.

The ferryboat was just starting as he reached Whitehall, and directly he jumped on board she was slung off.

Vangs lighted a cigar and went up-stairs, selected a shady spot, took a camp-stool and sat down.

A man near to him turned round.

There was a simultaneous exclamation:

"Vangs!" "Spike!"

They had met.

Spike was on the same boat.

She had started, and it was too late to return now, as he could not get on shore unless he swam for it.

"Hey, Vangs!" exclaimed the captain.

"Hay for horses!" replied Vangs. "You're a nice boy!"

"What for?" asked Spike, looking very confused and foolish.

"Thought you'd given me the slip, did you?"

"No, indeed! I—I felt a little under the weather, and wanted a blow on the sea. I was only going across the bay for a blow."

"If you want a blow, I'll give you one on the nose. You don't fool me; not much," said Vangs.

"Don't be excited, my friend," exclaimed Spike. "This is a curious meeting, and I'm glad of it. We shall enjoy ourselves so much better together. How did you get on with the boss?"

"That's my biz. Fork over my share of the plunder."

"You want half?"

"Yes; and I mean to have it."

"Now?" queried the discomfited Spike.

"Right away! I want my divvy," said Vangs.

"I can't now; there are people looking at us."

"What do I care for the people?"

"Wait till we land. I'll act fairly by you; I will, so help me Bob!"

"All right. You can't give me the slip. I'll wait your pleasure; but I mean having my whack, and don't you forget it!"

Vangs cast his eye on the deck and saw a valise.

"Oh, you've been and bought a valise. Meant to slink away, did you? You're a precious pal to work with! I always thought you was a bad one, but I didn't think you were so all-fired and eternally mean!"

"You mistake me altogether," replied Spike. "I intended to sleep out a night or two, and——"

"Don't tell me any more lies!" interrupted Vangs.

"Really, you ought to believe me."

"Oh, avast heaving!" said Vangs. "What are you giving me now—funny stories?"

"But——"

"I tell you, Spike, I understand you. It was your dodge to get away from me and you chose a route you thought I should not be likely to take; but Fate has willed it that we should meet. I understand you. Let it rest at that."

Captain Spike was silent.

A vengeful gleam, which boded no good to Vangs, came into his eyes, but when the first officer looked at him it died away and left no trace.

"Take a smoke?" said Vangs, offering his case.

"Thank you; I have a whiff left in my butt," replied Spike.

"Fire it into the sea, and take a fresh one. Aren't we going out to enjoy ourselves? Ain't we got plenty of money? Don't we mean to have our fun, and darn the expense?"

"That's us," said the captain, whose spirits began to rise under Vangs's genial manner.

He took the proffered cigar, lighted a match in his hat, laughed because the match went out, and at last accepted a light from his companion's weed.

It had been his intention to give Vangs the slip, and get away somewhere where he could spend the money he had received from Mr. Sargoe.

If he could succeed in avoiding Vangs, and enjoy himself alone till the bills were all gone, he did not mind meeting his hard creditors, because if he had nothing left he could give up nothing.

His mind was ill at ease; he wanted excitement, pleasure, drink—anything to drown the voice of conscience.

He thought of spending a day or two on the island, and then getting away through Amboy to Philadelphia, and perhaps on to New Orleans, where he knew from former experience he could have a good time.

But he had reckoned without his host, as that unlucky meeting on board the boat had disconcerted all his plans.

"Where were you going to, boss?" asked Vangs. "So long as there is plenty to drink, I'll go with you."

"I thought we'd take the steam-cars on the island, and get out at some pretty, quiet place, where we could get a bed."

"That'll do for me," said Vangs.

It was a very pleasant day, and the sun shone brightly, but its heat was tempered by a light breeze, and the air was rendered still and cool by a heavy rain which had fallen during the night.

When the boat reached the third landing the men made their way to a saloon, where they "piled in" a quantity of bad whisky, which made them still more friendly.

A truce was established between them, and they forgot their hostility to one another.

The cars started, and they got on board.

It did not please them to get off until they reached a wayside station named Huguenot.

"This will do," said Vangs. "I'm gettin' off here."

The captain followed his example, and the two men saw the train go on, and they were left standing on the platform.

They could see the water shining through the trees, and resolved to walk in that direction.

The depot was, in reality, an hotel, where they refreshed themselves with more whisky.

Very few houses adorned this primitive village, and as they walked along they were able to admire nature in all her primitive and unadorned beauty.

"I'll have a dip in the sea," cried Captain Spike. "It's my element, and if I can't be on it I'll be in it."

"Who'd stay in a city Summer-time," replied Vangs, "when they can get such pretty woods and roads and fields as this?"

The wind careered gently on the lea, and the boughs made a downward sweep, and the corn waved its graceful head, as if in acknowledgment of this compliment.

When near the sea Vangs produced a bottle of whisky which he had in his pocket, and pressed his companion to drink.

Captain Spike was not slow to accept the invitation.

He had already been drinking heavily, and as he had eaten nothing, his potations took effect upon him.

Vangs watched him with the eye of a lynx.

The sun was sinking to rest now in the fleecy bosom of the west, and the silent sea scarcely cast a ripple on the beach, though away out on the broad Atlantic it might be lashing itself to frantic fury.

"Ah!" said Spike, "the sea's a good servant but a bad mistress."

He threw a stone into the water, and it instantly sank.

"Observe," he continued, "how it swallows anything. It would make no more bones of gulping down a good ship than it did of gobbling that stone."

"I thought you were going to take a swim?" said Vangs.

"So I will, but——"

He tapped the pocket of his coat significantly.

"Oh, I'll mind your clothes, and when you come out I'll go in, and you can mind mine," said Vangs.

"Is that honest?"

"As I live," replied Vangs.

"All right," said the captain, who had been drinking until he scarcely knew what he was about, and had lost his usual prudence.

He quickly stripped himself, and put his clothes in a heap on the ground.

Then he got into the water and swam out.

No sooner was his back turned than Vangs's hand sought the inside pocket, where he expected to find the money.

It was there.

With considerable dexterity he abstracted it, and was slipping the notes into his own pocket, when Spike, who had turned round, saw what he was about, and uttered a cry.

"You're robbing me," he said. "I'll have you arrested. You've stolen my hard-earned money. Curse you!" I will appear in court against you.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" replied Vangs.

"I won't. I'll have justice."

"Yes, like hell you will," said Vangs.

"Give it up. I thought there was honor among thieves. Dogs don't eat dogs. But I might have known you were a skunk from the word go."

"Oh, give us a rest," said Vangs, "or I'll make you."

He took up a round, polished, heavy stone.

Spike was swimming back toward the shore, and his face was toward him.

His forehead presented an easy mark.

Vangs rose to his feet, he threw back his hand, took a steady aim, and cast the stone with all his force at the swimming man.

It struck him just between the eyes.

No cry did he utter, but he sank right there like a lump of lead.

Vangs stood for a while watching the spot, expecting to see him come up again; but there were no signs of him save and except a few air-bubbles.

"He's gone under, sure pop!" said Vangs. "I've done the trick this time, and no mistake."

He looked round to see that no eye had witnessed the cowardly act of which he had been guilty.

Not a soul was in sight, and he breathed freely until a form appeared among some trees on the right.

It was that of a fair young girl, scarcely seventeen years of age, very lovely and very childish in appearance.

Her almost golden tresses hung down her shoulders in wavy masses, and her merry blue eyes twinkled under the shade of her broad-brimmed hat.

She was bounding down to the sea, having a bathing-dress beneath her overskirt, but she stopped short, like a timid fawn, when she beheld Vangs.

"Ho, my dear!" he said; "do you live about here?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"Are there many people round about?"

"Only a few. We live up in the wood yonder, and I was coming down to bathe," she answered, innocently.

"I wish you could call assistance. A friend of mine went out for a swim, and he's got the cramps and gone under."

"It's a dangerous beach," said the girl. "Two gentlemen from New York were drowned here a while ago."

"Is that so?"

"If you go to that cottage under the bluff, sir, you'll find a fisherman who can help you."

"To the left?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stay a moment," said Vangs. "What's your name, little girl?"

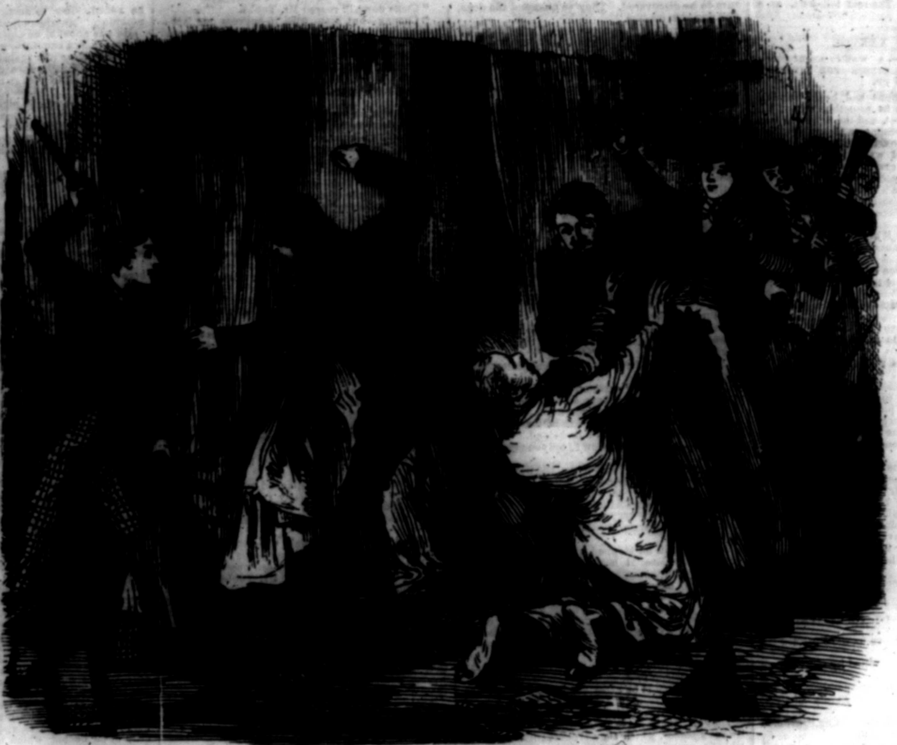
"Hattie."

"Hattie what?" he demanded.

"Hattie Elliot, sir; and I live with my mother up in the wood."

"Do you take boarders?"

"We've room for two, and generally have our rooms full in Summer, when gentlemen come down



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"HIS COLLEAGUE RUSHED TO THE BED, BUT WAS MET BY THE DIDDLER, WHO, STARTING UP, FELLED HIM TO THE GROUND WITH HIS OWN CLUB."

to fish; but we're empty now, sir."

"I'd like to stay in your house for a week or two, till my unfortunate friend is buried. Poor fellow!"

"You don't seem to have cared much for him, or you would have gone in and dived for him when he sank," said Hattie.

This view of the case did not present itself before to Vangs.

But he was equal to the emergency.

"You see, my child, that I would have done so had I been able. But, unfortunately, I am unable to swim. I was minding his clothes while he took a bath. Had I been a swimmer I should have been in the water as soon as he."

"That alters the case," replied Hattie.

"You were a little hard on me, young lady."

"I swim all the time, and I wouldn't like to let any one drown," she said.

"Where can I find your house?"

"Oh, any one will tell you where the Elliots live."

"But it's like a desert island; I don't see any one."

"Keep your eyes open and walk about. If you live long enough you'll come to some one," replied Hattie, smiling.

She tripped away and disappeared as suddenly as she had come, leaving Vangs half in doubt as to whether she was not some beautiful apparition.

"These Staten Islanders are a queer lot," he mused. "What am I to do? I suppose I must go and make a howl over Spike, and get the men of the place to drag him out like a dead fish. Anyway, I've his money. Nobody saw me stone him, and I've got rid of a fellow I never liked, and who was no use to me, without putting my neck in a dangerous place.

"That's a fine-looking girl, anyway," he added. "I should like to make love to her."

Talking thus to himself, he started along the beach to seek assistance in getting his deceased friend out of the water.

(To be continued.)

"Bob Rollalong was commenced in No. 672.

YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

(Continued from page 126.)

"PRETTY comfortable now, eh?" asked the Diddler of his stout companion in front of him, after a few minutes had elapsed.

"Yes, I feel better now," answered the latter, with a sense of security in his tone.

"That's right—so happy to have got you out of trouble—am indeed."

But the Diddler's motive in getting astride the dray horse was not so disinterested as it appeared at first sight.

The hamper containing the provisions hung between him and Swags, and it was the easiest thing in the world for him as they rode along to cut the string and introduce his hand.

This he did repeatedly, bringing forth tarts and buns, and biscuits, which disappeared down his throat with magical rapidity.

Swags, who, to do him justice, had similar intentions, made sundry efforts to do the same, but his kind guardian behind playfully frustrated all his manœuvres, until the stout youth, who had grown ravenously hungry, was driven to the verge of desperation.

However, a little accident occurred, which for a time turned his thoughts into another channel

In the course of their ride they passed a large country brewery.

The dray horse, instead of continuing on his way—possibly influenced by the associations awakened by the powerful odor which came from the vats—made a decided rush into the yard.

"Where's he going? What's he up to?" asked Swags, startled by the sudden excitement of the animal.

He was very quickly assured on this point, for the horse, approaching a heap of smoking grains at a very swift pace, stopped suddenly, and shot the stout youth head first into the steaming mass.

"Oh, oh! m-urder! I'm boiled!" yelled the alarmed Swags; "m-ur-der!"

In an instant every one had dismounted and rushed to the rescue.

Swags was more frightened than hurt. But the difficulty, now he was down, was how to get him up again into his saddle.

The Diddler was equal to the emergency. It so happened that Swags was lying just under the crane used for slinging up the sacks.

TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—THE CATHEDRAL OF NUREMBERG.—SEE PAGE 142.

The Diddler espied it.

"Very thing," he said, as he pointed to it; "rope under arms—hook—turn windlass—up he goes—drop into saddle—greatest ease."

In an instant a piece of rope was found and passed round the form of Swags.

A grinning brewer with a red nightcap, who was looking down from the loft above, was requested kindly to lower the chain.

The man readily obeyed, and several other grinning brewers in red nightcaps joined him and looked on, highly amused.

The hook was quickly passed under the rope.

Swags looked particularly scared, and inquired apprehensively what was going on.

The brewers above also inquired, facetiously, what was to be done next.

The Diddler briefly informed them.

"Corpulent young friend—had trouble—hoist him up again—go ahead!"

The brewers went ahead—which means they turned the windlass so vigorously that Swags flew up in the air like a rocket.

"Oh, Lor'! wherever am I going to?" he gasped, as he struck out with his arms and legs like a convulsed frog.

"Back of steed—saddle," returned the Diddler.

"I can't feel the 'oss," cried Swags, and no wonder; he was ten feet from the ground, and the brewers, to make the entertainment more interesting, spun him round until he resembled an ox in the process of roasting.

"Oh, don't; I'm giddy. I shall be sick!" roared Swags.

"Give him a turn the other way," called out Bully Mungal, benevolently.

And the brewers gave him a turn the other way, but it did not seem to relieve his unpleasant sensations, but rather to increase them, and he cried:

"Let me down! the rope's cutting into my ribs."

The Diddler now interfered.

"That'll do," he said; "joke, joke, you know and so on—bring horse here."

The large animal was led forward till it stood under the crane.

"Lower out!" called Tinkle.

The men lowered out rather rapidly. Down came Swags, missing the horse, with a bump to the ground.

"Oh, I'm busted!" he groaned.

"Try again, poor fellow," said Mossy Morton, with pretended commiseration.

And up flew Swags, once more dangling in midair, and yelling lustily.

"Never mind, Swagy," called the Diddler, soothingly; "make it right in a minute—here! hold horse's head—steady now—lower out!"

Again the brewers turned the windlass, and this time Swags, almost black in the face, descended into the saddle.

"Why, where's the 'oss's head?" he gasped.

A roar of laughter was the answer to the question.

He had come down wrong side foremost, and the horse's head seemed to be where his tail ought to have been.

"Soon settle that," said the Diddler

He nodded to the brewers, who gave the windlass a slight turn, hoisting the victim once more out of his seat, where he hung whilst the horse was turned round, after which he was let down—this time in his proper position.

"Right at last—hurrah!" cried the Diddler.

"Hurrah!" shouted the rest.

The men having been rewarded for their exertions, the party mounted again.

The Diddler did not get up behind Swags, but resumed his seat on the back of his Arabian.

He had already had as much as he could get out of the hampers, and Swags might now take care of himself.

"Ain't you going to ride behind me?" inquired the fat youth, anxiously.

"No, my boy—trust to self now—learn self-independence—good exercise—quite safe."

Swags, judging from the look of his woebegone face, had very serious doubts as to his perfect security.

But he had no resource, and when they started he consoled himself by making furtive dips into the hampers at his side, and after devouring an unlimited number of tarts and sausages, he felt more reconciled to his position.

They jogged quietly on for some time, the Diddler, as usual, taking the lead.

At length they came to the grounds of a gentleman's mansion, the gates of which stood invitingly open.

The Diddler's steed evidently had a strong predilection for entering gates, having made several previous attempts of that kind as he went along.

This gate seemed to have some special attraction for him, and in spite of his rider's tuggings in he pranced. The rest followed, as a matter of course.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN ANGRY PROPRIETOR—A WARM RECEPTION—PANIC AMONGST THE STEEDS—THE DIDDLER'S VICISSITUDES—LOCKED UP.

THE grounds were spacious and beautifully laid out. The gravel paths smoothly rolled, the turf green and soft as velvet, and the flower-beds in all the perfection of their Summer bloom.

"Delightful! very!" he exclaimed, as the Arabian danced about the gravel walk; "a perfume of flowers—delicious—grass green—as—as Tuppy."

The horses seemed to entertain a similar opinion, and quickly left the gravel and began to nibble the green herbage with much satisfaction.

"Wouldn't be a bad place for our picnic, would it," said young Pickwick.

"Not at all—very spot," assented the Diddler; "retired—balmy air—beauties of nature, and all that sort of thing."

"We must pick out a nice snug little nook," said Tuppy; "where we can tie the horses together; it wouldn't do to lose them."

At this juncture they came in sight of the mansion.

"Fine baronial structure!" exclaimed the Diddler, admiringly; "the old house at home, where my forefathers——"

He was interrupted by a voice, shouting:

"Heigh! you, there!"

"Some one calling, I think," said the Diddler, as he twirled his curious eye toward the mansion.

On the balcony stood a portly elderly gentleman with a bald head, who was gesticulating violently.

"Comical old party," he remarked, after a moment; "pantomime expressive—very. Do comic part at the play."

"I fancy he's in a passion," said young Pickwick.

"Passion? Oh, no—wishes to make our acquaintance. Perhaps invite us in to dine with him."

"Nonsense! See how red he's getting in the face," joined in Dick Sancliff.

"Glow of health—nothing more," insisted the Diddler; "jolly old boy—overjoyed to see us, that's all. How do you do, dear boy?"

With this he waved his hand jauntily to the gentleman.

The latter ground his teeth and shook his fist in return.

"Ha, see!—didn't I say so—salutation returned—means we're to come nearer. No doubt he's glad to see us."

With this they began to move forward toward the house.

But they were presently stopped by the voice of the owner.

"What do you mean by trespassing on my grounds, you young rascals, eh?" he shouted, fiercely.

"There! He says we're trespassing," grinned Mossy Morton. "Let's run for it."

"We shall have the dogs on us in a minute," muttered Bully Mungal.

"Perhaps we'd better slope," suggested Bob Fairfit.

"No, no—all right," said the Diddler. "explain—settle matters—two two's. How do—how do, old boy?" he called to the gentleman. "We are a private party—out for a ride—gate open—we entered—lovely prospects, old boy—delighted to meet you."

But the old boy waxed more furious, and seemed by his manner only strongly inclined to throw himself over the balcony to get at them.

"You rascals, you're no friends of mine, and have no business here. I wonder you don't come into my house at once, and eat my food and drink my wine," he raved.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Diddler, "hear that—friends of his—come into the house at once—jolly old brick—general invitation—dinner—champagne—fizz, pop—forward! Oh, yes, we'll come."

If some of the party were not quite so confident as the Diddler, they all followed him as he trotted briskly toward the balcony.

The old gentleman had suddenly disappeared.

But almost immediately returned with a double-barreled gun in his hand.

"Now, you young scoundrels," he said, "what is the meaning of this unwarrantable intrusion?"

"Don't get in passion," returned the Diddler, coolly; "dangerous—very—for old gents—rush of blood to head—apoplexy."

"Explain, you villain! What do you mean?"

"Certainly—friends of yours—jolly fellows, very—you invited them all—come at once—and here we are—dine with you."

"Go to the devil!" shouted the enraged proprietor. "I'll blow you all to Jericho!"

Bang!

He fired one of the barrels at them.

It was only loaded with blank powder, but every one fancied he was shot, and the discharge had a very scaring effect upon the horses, which began plunging and rearing, and creating dire havoc amongst the flowers with their hoofs.

"Come off the flower-beds, you infernal young rascals!" roared the infuriated old gentleman; "confound you! Come off, I say! Are you all mad?"

No notice being taken, the equestrians having quite enough to do to keep their seats, he fired the second barrel.

This completed the panic of the steeds, which being now beyond the power of control, rushed madly through the grounds, plunging into choice beds of exotics, dashing through the shrubs, and scattering the gravel in all directions, like mad animals.

The ringing of a bell, the shouts of men, and the barking of dogs, completed the general alarm.

In a few moments a strong body of domestics and laborers, armed with whips and garden rakes, accompanied by a couple of sturdy mastiffs, were scouring the grounds in search of the trespassers.

None of them were now to be seen.

In their hasty flight some had been thrown from their saddles, whilst some, in order to avoid such a catastrophe, took the precaution to drop.

Of these were the Diddler, Dick Sancliff, Tinkle, and young Pickwick.

Having reached *terra firma* with whole bones, they met together in the shrubbery.

"Here's a pretty go," remarked Sam, ruefully, as the shouts rang in their ears.

"It's no more than I expected," said Dick, in a moody tone. "We had no business to come here."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Pickwick, philosophically. "It might be worse."

"Certainly," exclaimed the Diddler, with his usual cheerfulness. "Keep cool—dodge our pursuers—get away—ha, ha!—who's afraid?"

"I'm not," responded Tinkle.

"Nor I," added young Pickwick. "But we're sure to be discovered. They've unloosed the dogs, and dogs have noses."

"Cut 'em off if they come here," cried the Diddler, snapping a pair of garden shears which he had casually picked up. "If I can't get at their noses I'll cut off their tails."

"Where are the other boys?" asked Dick.

"Can't say—somewhere—must be—go and see," the Diddler replied.

"Poor Swagy, I wonder what's become of him?" remarked Tinkle, in a tone of commiseration; "and he's got the grub, too."

"Look him up—find hampers—good things in them—Swagy not far off—perhaps eating our grub."

Diddler made his way through the bushes, bent upon discovering his missing friend.

He had not gone far when, in a snug retreat, surrounded by laurels, he found him.

Swags was lying on his back with a hamper on each side of him, and the end of a sausage in his mouth, slumbering sweetly, and snoring melodiously.

"Lovely picture—sleep of innocence—classical—very!" soliloquized the Diddler, as he contemplated the unconscious youth, and nibbled at cheese-cake at the same time.

He then uncorked a bottle of ale and emptied it, saying:

"I'll help the sleeping beauty."

"Feel better now," he said to himself; "nerves strung up—defiance to foe—soul's in arms—and eager——"

The barking of the mastiffs suddenly interrupted him.

"Ha, dogs!" he exclaimed, snatching up the garden shears and striking an attitude. "They come! no!—not yet—time for flight—can't move, Swagy—leave him here—sure to be found—sorry—regret, and so on—but can't be helped."

"Wow—wow—wow—wow!" brayed the mastiffs, drawing nearer.

"They approach!" cried the Diddler. "Ferocious beasts—sharp teeth—bite—tear—not if I know it—take care number one—ah!—tree—very thing—climb up—look down—Diddler laugh at dogs—dogs not reach Diddler—very sorry leave poor Swagy—doom sealed—mangled—bleeding corpse—poor Swags."

And with this he stepped quickly to the tree he had espied close at hand, and mounted into its branches with the agility of a catamount.

The next moment voices were heard approaching, and presently several domestics came pushing through the shrubs.

"Here be one of 'em," cried the foremost of the party, as his eyes fell upon the sleeping Swags.

"One," echoed his companion; "he be big enough for half a dozen."

"He be a fat 'un, anyhow!" exclaimed the rest.

"Be he asleep or dead?"

Before this could be ascertained there was a sharp rustling heard amongst the bushes, and two huge mastiffs came dashing up to the spot.

They at once made a vigorous onslaught on Swags's jacket, which they proceeded to tear into ribbons, growling fiercely the while.

Having accomplished this they were driven off, and began sniffing about for fresh prey.

They were not long in finding out the tree in which the Diddler had taken refuge, and immediately began to scratch at the trunk with their paws, and to whine impatiently, with an occasional angry bark.

"Theer be some 'un up theer," remarked a cunning old gardener, as he pointed to the tree.

His mates approached, and looking up, at once descried the Diddler perched upon a branch overhead.

"Eh, so there be!" they exclaimed.

"Halloa, there!" cried one of the party.

"Same to you—many of 'em," returned the Diddler, with a playful nod of his head.

The men did not quite understand this free-and-easy behavior, and they called:

"You come down, will 'ee?"

To which the Diddler calmly replied:

"Walker! Not if I know it, old man."

This ironical treatment irritated the pursuers, and they cried:

"If 'ee doan't dome down, we'll get th' ladder an' pull 'ee down neck and crop, measter."

But the knowing youth simply smiled a derisive smile, and peered down upon them out of his peculiar eye, without taking the slightest notice of their threat.

At that moment another voice was heard, and an elderly gentleman, in a straw hat, with a very red face, came puffing and blowing to the spot.

It was the proprietor, Mr. Tomkin Tubbs.

"Well, have you discovered any of those young rascals?" he asked, as he reached the tree.

"'Ees, Measter Tubbs; there be one up theer," responded Giles, pointing above as he spoke.

The old gentleman looked up, and at once recognized the Diddler.

It is needless to say the Diddler instantly recognized him, and exclaimed:

"Ah, how do, Tuppy, old fellow? Look jolly—very. Come up here; I'll find you a seat—fine prospect. Come up, Tuppy, old fellow."

"Tuppy, old fellow!" almost gasped the indignant proprietor. "What do you mean, you impertinent puppy?"

"Oh, oh!" returned the Diddler, holding up his finger, reprovingly, "bad language; forget yourself. Fie, Tuppy, fie!"

"Harkye, you, sir!" shouted Mr. Tubbs, crimson with indignation; "you're the ringleader of an atrocious crew, and you shall be punished with the utmost severity of the law!"

"Lor', you don't say so, dear boy?" ejaculated the Diddler.

"But I do say so. Come down, directly."

"Sorry to disoblige, really; but, in short, wish you may get it."

"Very well, sirrah, then you shall have your wish," growled Mr. Tubbs, savagely; "I will get it. I'll go and fetch my gun, and put a bullet into your body."

This was carrying the joke a little too far—at least so the Diddler thought—and seeing the irritable old gentleman was going away, he called:

"Hi, sir!"

Mr. Tubbs paused and looked toward him.

"Excuse me," said the Diddler, bending down and speaking with particular severity; "fancy—made remark—slightly deaf one ear—not quite catch—what was it?"

"Why, that I'm gowing to blow your brains out, unless you instantly descend from that tree," replied the ferocious proprietor; "will you come down?"

"Well—a—yes—just to oblige you," said the Diddler.

"Then come, and look quick about it!"

But the Diddler was by no means precipitate.

"All in good time—no hurry—take it cool, old boy," he said.

"Come down!" roared Mr. Tubbs.

"Coming—but first—wish to impress one fact—expect fair treatment—I am a gentleman—good blood——"

"Come down!"

"Ancient family—illustrious ancestors—high descent."

"Confound your high descent! Come down, I say!"

There was no need to repeat this injunction, for at that moment the branch on which the Diddler was leaning snapped, and he fell from his perch right upon Mr. Tubbs, whom he upset, and wound up by falling upon him.

The old gentleman was quickly picked up again, and so was the Diddler, who found himself in the grasp of a couple of sturdy horticulturists.

Just at that moment a man came hurrying up with important intelligence.

"We ha' gotten the whole lot o' th' young wagabones," he said.

"Very good," answered Mr. Tubbs, who was breathing rather hard after his tumble. "I'll come and speak to them at once. Bring this fellow after me, and mind he doesn't get away."

The old gentleman walked forward through the shrubbery, the Diddler being hauled along by his captors with very little ceremony.

On emerging from the bushes there was a posse of domestics keeping guard over the prisoners.

The Diddler shut one eye and coolly reckoned up their number.

He counted eight.

Three only of the schoolboys were missing.

Those three, strange to say, were Bully Mungal, Mossy Morton, and the Hon. Jonadab Fitzsham.

"'Tis ever thus," he muttered to himself; "sneaks run—bricks remain—vice escapes—virtue suffers—but no matter."

The voice of Mr. Tubbs recalled him to himself.

"So, then, I have you at last!" exclaimed that gentleman, sternly, as he glanced round at the culprits, who looked particularly rueful at the ignominious position in which they found themselves. "And now have the goodness to tell me who you are?"

"Pupils—Doctor Waddle's classical academy—astronomy—use of globes—and so on," responded the Diddler, who was perfectly self-possessed.

"Oh, indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Tubbs; "pupils of Doctor Waddle's, eh? And—good gracious!" he suddenly broke off, as a couple of hostlers appeared leading the eleven horses which they had at length succeeded in securing. "What are all these miserable hacks?"

"They're horses," Tinkle ventured to reply.

"Horses?" re-echoed Mr. Tubbs. "Don't slander that noble animal by applying the name to such wretched scarecrows. There's not one amongst them fit for anything but the knacker's yard."

There was certainly much truth in this assertion, for a more melancholy-looking lot of unfortunate animals—the dray horse and the Arabian excepted—could scarcely have been imagined.

But the irrepressible Diddler, seeing a chance for a joke, exclaimed, in the lightest tones:

"Ha, ha!—buy the lot, Tubby—sell 'em cheap—start business—make a fortune!"

"I've made it already, sir," growled the old gentleman, indignantly; "and you've done your best to destroy my property."

"Very sorry, indeed—grief—remorse, and so on—can't be helped—accidents will happen," said the Diddler, shaking his head, penitently.

"Accidents, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Tubbs; "was it by accident you entered my grounds?"

"Quite—was, indeed!" protested the Diddler; "fiery, untamed steed—saw gate open—fond of open gates—no holding him—would go—pulled till black in the face—no use—mouth tough as leather—burst through—rest follow my leader—all in all—gun fired—panic—steeds scattered—riders thrown—climax of fate—and here we are—*grand tableau!*"

Mr. Tubbs having listened to his harangue, said to the voluble speaker:

"And pray, sir, what is your name?"

The knowing one cocked his swivel eye at his inquirer, and replied, emphatically:

"Diddler!"

A roar of laughter from the gardeners followed his important announcement.

"Eh, that be a funny name!" they cried; "he do look like a Diddler, doan't he?"

The subject of this mirthful explosion glanced at his deriders with profound contempt, but condescended no reply.

"Very well, then, Mr. Diddler," said Mr. Tubbs, as soon as silence was restored; "then I shall lock you and your companions up until I have communicated with Doctor Waddle. Off with them."

They were about to be removed, when a doleful voice was heard crying out:

"Oh, dear! where am I? Where have I got to? I can't find my way out."

"Who's that?" asked Mr. Tubbs.

"Swags!" answered the Diddler.

"Is he one of you?"

"Yes. Fat boy—equal to three."

At this juncture, Swags emerged from the shrubbery.

"Lay hold of him," cried Mr. Tubbs.

The stout youth was immediately collared, and walked off with the rest to a kind of outhouse, into which they were all thrust, and the door locked upon them, whilst Mr. Tubbs dispatched a note to Doctor Waddle.

"Well," grumbled Dick Sancliff to Diddler, as soon as they were left to themselves; "you said you'd give us a treat, and I must say you've kept your word, for a nice pickle you have led us into. How will it end, I wonder?"

It seemed very doubtful how it would end, for Mr. Tupps did not unlock the door or send them any supper.

Doctor Waddle, too, was from home, and no answer being returned to the note forwarded, the prisoners were forced to remain in their cell, hungry and dispirited.

As for Swags, his sufferings were intense.

"I know I shall be starved," he wailed, dismally; "I've got such a dreadful sinking just about——"

Before he could describe where, he fell asleep.

The rest of the prisoners having nothing better to do, gradually followed his example.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DETERMINED CONDUCT OF THE DIDDLER AND HIS COMRADES—VILLAINY DEFEATED—GENERAL INVITATION TO BREAKFAST.

IT was drawing on to the small hours of the morning when the Diddler, who was a light sleeper, suddenly started up from the straw on which he was lying, and looked around him.

"Thought somebody knocked," he muttered to himself, drowsily. "Tupps—supper, perhaps. No," he added, after listening a moment and hearing nothing; "mistaken—dream—go to sleep again."

He was about to lie down, when swish came what seemed to be a handful of gravel against the window.

"Ha!—there it is again!—no mistake this time," he exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet.

Mounting on to a ledge in front of the window he looked out.

It was a moonlight night, but he could only just manage to discern a figure standing beneath.

"Who is it?" he called.

"Fitzsham," was the reply.

The Diddler, after a little effort, opened the window.

"So it is!" he exclaimed, as he cast his swivel eye downward. "Why, I thought you had gone long ago."

"So I did go. I went back to the school, but finding none of the others there but Mungal and Morton, I returned to look after you. I don't believe in deserting friends in trouble—that is, if you will accept my friendship?"

"Trouble?—believe you, we are too—locked up here—no supper—famished—and so on—but what are you going to do?"

"Nothing. But I've something to tell you."

[To be continued.]

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. [illegible]

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

A GLANCE AT NUREMBERG.

NUREMBERG is all ancient. It is not here as in other cities, where a gabled house, a gray old archway, or a bit of rare, carved work is carefully preserved and pointed out among the crowd of modern buildings. Nuremberg stands almost intact—a whole city of priceless archæological and architectural treasures. She is like a fairy tale; she might have slept under a magic charm for five hundred years, and only wakened up to-day to find everything within just as it was when she went to sleep, and the world outside gone on in its ever-flowing current, leaving her "stranded on the shore of time." We can fancy her wondering at herself that her bright youth has grown so gray and hoary in her long sleep! An oriel is thrown open over our heads, and a girl leans out. The plaited hair and linen collar strike us with a sense of incongruity.

We had half expected to see the wide white head-drapery and the folded kerchief of the old pictures in St. Laurence's Church. The chord once touched, we begin to realize that it is but a shell, after all—this city of the Middle Ages. It is like Tara's halls without the harp; it is a corpse carefully dressed up in the garments it used to wear, and set up in a semblance of life which strikes us with a chill solemnity as we miss the living animating spirit from it. Here are the half-moons and bastions, the ramparts and towers, and the wide, deep ditch behind which Gustavus Adolphus first tasted the bitterness of failure, and before which Wallenstein sat himself down so long. But where are the heroes? where are the swarming men-at-arms, the resolute though half-famished citizens? We miss them all.

Here is the dwelling of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, but he and his trenchant pen are gone. They both live in the museum—a curious collection of the first totterings and hand-feelings of baby-science; where the first watches and sketchy skeleton-clocks are shown; the first black-letter printing and paper (in Germany), and the first gunlocks, enameled pottery and playing cards—a whole harvest of first fruits, for Nuremberg seems to have been the cradle and birthplace of German mechanical art and science. It is curious to mark her progress onward, from the first rude primitive editions of Hans Sachs's poems in the museum to the elegant volumes in the booksellers' shops in the street; from the grotesque, uncouth, stone figures of the sleeping apostles grouped outside of Saint Sebald's Church to the exquisite carvings of the Sacramentshauslein of Adam Kraft and his apprentices in the Church of St. Laurence.

The iconoclasts spared the churches of Nuremberg, as everything else seemed to have been spared there. Saint Sebald is a saint little known out of Nuremberg, but his memory is preserved here in a church and shrine of triumphant beauty, architectural and artistic. The distinguishing grace of the saint appears to have been charity, judging from the nature of the miracles recorded on the shrine.

It is a pleasure in Nuremberg to wander forth and lose ourselves in the quaint old streets without the conventional guide-book, and to come, all unawares, upon queer old squares, splendidly carved *façades*, delicious little bits of graceful antiquity, harmonious Gothic buildings, with deep courtyards and gabled fronts, and narrow street-corners narrowed still further by jutting oriels, which come back to us as something seen long ago—in a dream or a picture. Perhaps we are turned back by the hoary old walls, and we find ourselves next standing on one of the little bridges looking up and down the Pegnitz River at the jumble of age-embrowned roofs and jutting walls. The *coup d'œil* is a thought dilapidated and shabby, perhaps, but it is quaint and picturesque enough.

We come out of the churches with the fever-fit on us; we burn still as we take our way past the Goose Fountain and through the streets permeated by the harmony of the glorious Gothic—like music in the air. Adam Kraft's stations of the Cross help to sustain us still on the road to the old cemetery, outside the Thiergarten Gate, but we fall very flat at the cemetery itself. And yet we would not have missed seeing it for the world. Surely there is nothing, not only in Germany, but in all the world, like that cemetery. We search through the gray "God's acre" for the most obliterated graves of Hans Sachs and Albrecht Durer. Never has the sermon of mortality been preached to our hearts with such power as here, where even the memorials of sacred dust have resolved themselves into kindred ashes.

Our hotel, the Baierischhof, was once a citizen's mansion, in the days when Nuremberg's merchants were princes. There is a fresco on the wall of the courtyard, a full-length figure, supposed to be the likeness of a former owner. There are not many guests—Nuremberg is a little out of the stereotyped line of travel, and its attraction is not for the multitude—but the party is large enough to give cheerfulness to the "low-browed" room, and small enough to allow of pleasant interchange of thought and experience.

It is with a little remorse for occasional lapses of feeling that we finally strain our eyes for a last look at the quaint steeples and ancient towers of Nuremberg, as we roll in the Baierischhof omnibus over the little bridge and through the uneven streets on our way to the railway-station.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

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ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 671.

1. Man-age-able. 2. Extra-ordinary. [illegible] Car-pet. 4. Samson, Aquila, Mullet, Silvan, Ole-ate, Nat-Ned. 5. Little Dorrit—LollarD, IdahO, TartaR, [illegible]udoR, LiteratI, EmmeT. 6. Zodiac, Oriole, Diadem, Iodine, Ale-num, Cement. 7. Coal. 8. W, Sea, Soapy, Weather, Aphis, Yes, R. 9. Cor(o)net, Cr(e)am, B(o)ad. 10. Gig.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 671.

1.—L. V. Hart, Kewanee, Ill.
2.—M. G. Porter, Charlestown, Mass.
3.—D. Wood, Aldie, Va.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

In parlors you will my primals find,
Likewise my finals see;
But primals and finals, when combined,
Part of my primals be.

A character in the Iliad to scholars all well known;
A bay or recess by this is clearly shown;
Bustle or trouble, which, forsooth, you may meet with some time;
A race of people, not quite white, and of a distant clime;
A jewel rare and precious, and costly, too, I ween;
Which, when you've guessed, and all the rest, my answer will be seen.

2.—BEHEADING.

An estimation please behead,
A kind of grain remains instead;
Once more behead, and then behold
A thing that's slippery and cold.

3.—CHARADE.

"Oh, my!" said Lill, impatiently,
"My first's so painful still.
My next I cannot fasten;
I wish you'd try, dear Will."

I could not let her ask in vain,
So hastened to obey,
And then away to join some friends,
And spend a pleasant day.

Now sailing o'er the placid lake,
Now strolling through the wood;
Examining now an ancient pile
Which on the hilltop stood.

Beguiled by pleasure, no one marked
The flight of passing hours,
Till dewy eve had closed the eyes
Of all earth's slumb'ring flowers.

Then quickly we did bend our steps
To where our horses stood,
And galloped down the furze-grown hill,
And through the lonesome wood.

But when we reached the village street,
We saw a furious crowd
Hustling about a captured man,
With acclamations loud.

So with his captor in their midst
The villain vainly writhes and twists;
And as we passed we plainly saw
My whole upon his restive wrists.

4.—EIGHT-LETTER SQUARE WORDS.

1. A term in arithmetic; 2. One who unties; 3. A register of deaths; 4. A giant and a tumult; 5. to flood; 6. Formed, reversed, and a boy's name; 7. Two historical personages; 8. To test gongs.

5.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; a number; a fragrant root; heat and a horned animal; a shrew; a miser; a knot of hair; and, in German; a consonant.

6.—SQUARE WORDS.

My first are frisky, young and spry,
When grown along will speed;
Prized by the rich, when time is good,
If slow, for poor men's need.

And second's always to be seen
Upon the ships that plow
The treacherous and changeful sea;
'Tis wooden, I avow.

Within a cool and shady nook
I sit; no sound is heard—
But hark! the strains of flute and harp
Warn me that I'm not third.

In fourth is viewed a word which means
A kind of push or thrust;
With no more clue to find it you
Must try—you really must.

My last is coupled with the horse,
The wind, the railway-train,
And with th' electric telegraph.
Good-by, friends, once again.

7.—CHARADE.

Should a first at your second,
Runaway, for best 'tis reckoned.
Now combine us and I'll grant,
All you have is but a plant.

8.—CENTRAL DELETIONS.

Delete what's pure, and find a mountain tribe;
Delete carouse, and stagger you describe;
A knightly sport and upright will remain;
A poet's term leave Roman without stain;
Delete apostle, and a noble find,
An ancient sage, and speedy comes to mind.

9.—ENIGMA.

I'm yours, there no mistake is,
Though to sight I don't appear;
The pleasure you partake is
The voice through me you hear.

Most people do dislike me,
Excepting noisy boys;
And yet I'm never beaten
That I should make a noise.

I often go to war,
And witness many a fight;
On Alma's heights I saw
Artillery's deadly light.

10.—CHARADE.

By yonder rippling brook together
Roamed we oft in days of yore;
Now the sea us twain must sever,
And perchance we meet no more.

Many years of joy and gladness
Have I passed at fair Lochiea;
But alas! mirth's turned to sadness
Since my Willie went to sea.

Well-known scenes of bygone pleasure
Roam I still at close of day;
But there's naught I now more treasure
Than a last from far away.

First both kind and true's imparted
In each same to his lone one.
And, though almost broken-hearted,
Brings new strength to still hope on.

Each, although a total tender,
Can't my first quite gratify—
Nay, that noble-hearted sender
Is my only hope and joy.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

"GEORGE," said a schoolmistress to one of her unruly scholars, "why is it you behave so badly. When you first came to school you were obedient submissive, and willing to learn; now you are just the contrary." "Well, to tell the truth, ma'am," said George, "I was not much acquainted then."

A FARMER lost a portion of his crop of potatoes, a thief having dug them and taken them away in the night. He put up a tent in the field, and remarked that the thief would think he was watching the crop. But the tent did not prove a good guard, for the next time the thief came he stole the tent.

"MAMMA," said a wicked youngster, "am I a canoe?" "No, child; why do you ask?" "Oh, because you always say you like to see people paddle their own canoe; and I didn't know but maybe I was yours." The boy went out of the door with more reference to speed than grace.

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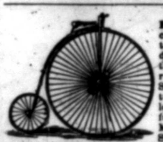

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THE RIVAL SQUIRES.

PATSEY DOYLE and Tim Dolan were not friends; indeed, we may safely say that they were bitter enemies.

They hated each other to such an extent that they tried their utmost to appear as unlike each other as possible.

They each owned a nice little farm; but while Patsey's house was painted white, Tim's was as black as possible. Patsey cultivated nothing but wheat; and Tim could not bear the sight of anything but potatoes. Patsey, dressed in riding-pants and boots, rode a white horse, but Tim was always to be seen dressed in light overalls, elegant boots, and riding a black horse.

The two "squireens," as they were called in that part of Ireland, carried their animosity to such an extent, that they would not patronize the same stores, enter the same houses or frequent the same church. In a word, they literally hated the sight of each other.

The innocent cause of all this ill-feeling was a comely little colleen by the name of Norah Burke, who lived with her old grandmother in a little cottage half-way between the two rival farms. As a matter of course, both of our friends fell desperately in love with pretty Norah, and though she had treated them both with perfect impartiality, they each fancied that his respective rival was the favored one.

Matters soon reached such a point that it was confidently predicted that blows would surely be exchanged upon their first meeting; but, strange to say, they did not seem inclined to meet.

However, one fine day, on the occasion of the Ballywigan races, our two friends happened to meet near the grand stand.

It was the first time that they had met since the fair colleen had played such havoc with their hearts.

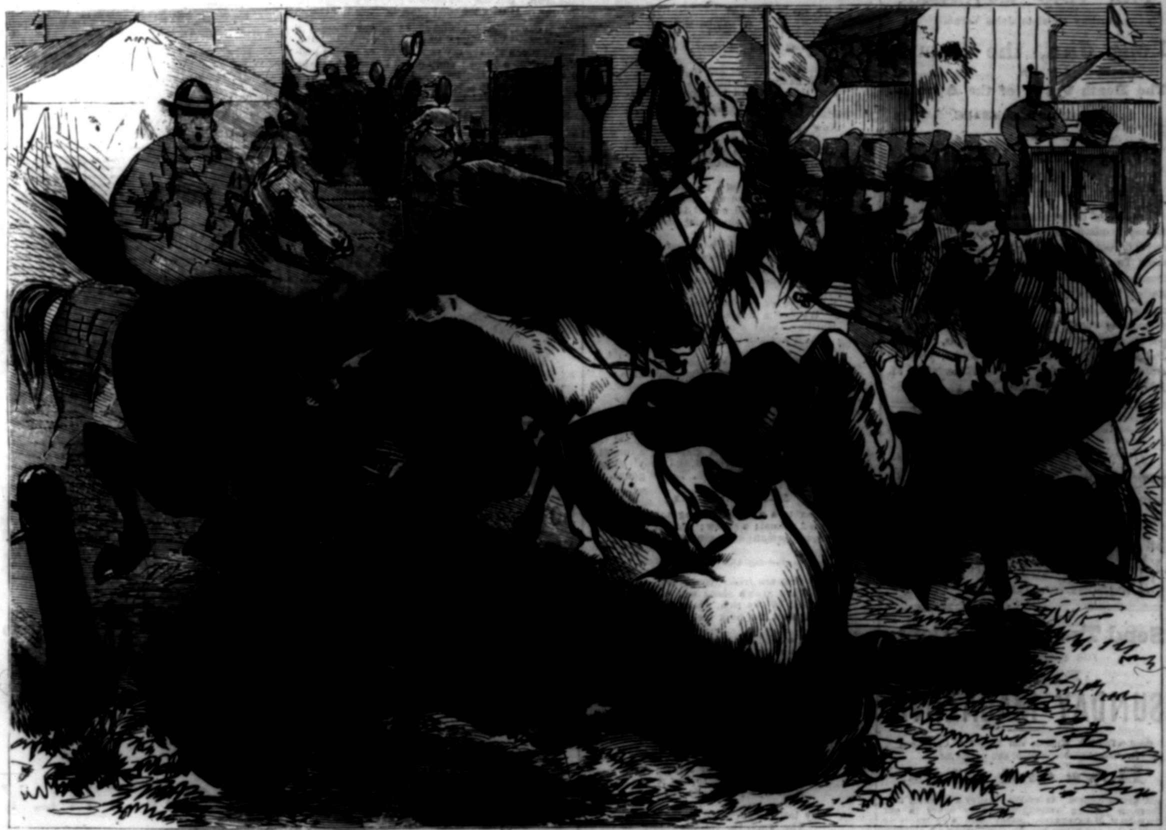
With deadly hatred they glared at each other for a few moments, and then, as if by mutual agreement, they spurred their horses and dashed at each other with terrible fury. Such was the force of the shock that the two horses and their respective riders were flung to the earth with cruel violence.

They were picked up by the assembled rustics, and were confined to their beds for over two months.

When Patsey Doyle was able to creep about, it was noticed that his face was horribly disfigured, and ghastly to behold; and when Tim Dolan took his first walk, it was noticed that he was minus a leg.

To complete their mortification, Nora Burke, the cause of all their misfortunes, shortly afterward married a stout, homely old butcher.

Moral: Never fight about a girl.



THE RIVAL SQUIRES.—PATTY DOYLE AND TOM FLING TO EARTH WITH CRUEL VIOLENCE.

◆

PIRATES OF THE CHINESE COAST.

OF all the dangers that beset the mariner, whether it be from storm, fire, or the hidden reef, none have such terrors for vessels trading in the Pacific Ocean as the pirates that infest the Chinese coast. With ordinary skill and vigilance the former dangers may be guarded against, and it is seldom that some one does not survive to tell the tale, but an attack by these pirates is conducted with such cunning, treachery and skill, that if it is successful, it leaves a mystery far harder to bear than a known misfortune, for those who watch and wait for a ship that never returns to port. Every year adds to the list of stately vessels and gallant crews that leave port for ever, and are eventually placed among the "missing." How many of these are captured and destroyed on the Chinese coast can never be known; their assailants show no mercy, and the ocean "tells no tale."

The quaint junks that leave the Chinese ports at nightfall are to all appearances the peaceful traders that they profess to be; but if an unprotected vessel comes in view, the scene changes as if by magic; deck loads of merchandise are thrown into the holds, and cannon take their place; the crews are marvelously reinforced by men who have been hidden below, and the former lazy coaster glides swiftly along, propelled not only by their sails but by long and powerful oars.

The doomed vessel is quickly surrounded by the pirates, and a cannonade soon brings her masts and yards crashing to her deck. Her crew may defend themselves as well as they can, but they are outnumbered fifty to one. Nearer close the pirates, who throw rockets and "jingals" that leave an unquenchable fire and a stupefying smell wherever they fall; the defense grows more feeble, and now, running alongside, the pirates board and slay all of the crew that may survive. By the busy hands of the plunderers the cargo is soon removed, a hole is bored under the water-line of the captured ship, and as the pirates sail away, the scuttled vessel sinks from view, and after weary months of waiting her name is placed on the list of the "missing."

The pirate coasters repair their damages, send the guns below, divide the booty and disperse. If the battle has been heard by a cruiser she hastens in its direction, and meets with two or three easy-going traders, who are apparently unconscious of any such thing as piracy near them. If any sign of the conflict remains about them, and an explanation is required, some plausible story is always ready, in which they are represented as the real sufferers. Complaints against all robbers are intermixed with cunningly-invented directions to the man-of-war, which is soon in hot chase of an imaginary foe.

If caught, these pirates meet with prompt punishment, which is always death. Knowing this, they will fight fiercely, if discovered by a man-of-war while attacking a vessel, and many instances are recorded where all the members of a pirate crew have destroyed themselves in preference to an ignominious death which they knew they would meet if captured.

A voyager on the waters of the East often finds it difficult, when he sees the Chinese trading-vessels sailing peacefully around him, with their gay streamers and picturesque sails, and their gongs sounding a salute as the vessel passes them, to imagine that many of them are pirates, and that if a suitable opportunity were offered them to make an attack, the vessel he is on would never see port again.

But if he should happen to imagine such a thing his fears would probably be well founded, for the records of the Chinese coast service are filled with accounts of vessels which have been attacked and destroyed by pirates that were cruising about in the guise of just such harmless-looking traders as he sees about him.

IN A WATERSPOUT.

AN EYE-WITNESS RELATES A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

THROUGH the prompt assistance of the managers of the South Park Road, the damages done to the track in the Platte Cañon and near Buffalo by the waterspout are speedily being repaired, and the customary travel on the road will be resumed very soon. The telegraph wires are still down, but a statement of the true condition of affairs has been obtained through the medium of the passengers who were delayed in consequence of the storm.

In conversating with a gentleman who was stopping at the boarding-house, near the saw-mill at Thompson's, the informant said:

"We had a terrible hail-storm shortly after three o'clock, and stones as big as hen's eggs fell thick and fast. While we were standing at a safe distance from the windows, for nearly every pane of glass was broken, we saw a most remarkable phenomenon accompanied by a dull, heavy, roaring sound, like distant thunder. A large volume of what we afterward found to be water was seen at the top of the mountain, coming closer and closer like an immense funnel.

"As this approached, the noise became almost deafening, and one old gentleman who was standing in the door, for we had all assembled in and around the doorway, exclaimed: 'It's a waterspout!' Out of the house and up the opposite hill we ran as fast as it was possible, to almost the summit. One of the parties, who was furthest down, in terror turned around and beheld the water rushing and tearing down the opposite side, carrying with it huge boulders, uprooted trees and all sorts of débris. It struck the house and the saw-mill simultaneously, and carried them away like straws, not a vestige of either remaining. We stood there in terror for a long time, scarcely daring to speak a word, but finally, becoming more used to the scene, we began to look around us and take in the situation.

"When the height of the excitement had abated some little, an anxious mother missed her infant child, and instant search was made for the lost little one. After an hour spent in the water and mud one of the gentlemen discovered the child in a pool of water, and the stream still coming down the mountain side, lying close up by a rock, which also supported a large bureau, under which the little one sat in the apartment intended for a lower drawer.

"The child was not a bit frightened, but seemed to be rather pleased with its situation, and strange enough, had scarcely a scratch upon it. The joy of the distressed parent can easily be conceived when the wet youngster was placed safe and sound in her arms. The water continued to rush down the Gulch for several hours, and we had to prepare places to sleep on the side of the mountain. Early the next morning I joined a number of men who desired to reach Denver as soon as possible, and started to walk to the train, about seven miles distant. When we reached there we found it was a wrecking train with a coach attached, and after being delayed several hours for the wreckers to prepare the track, we started on our way home."

In the cañon the track was also gutted out in spots, and a good bit of it at other places had the bedding washed out and the rails twisted. Temporary bridges are being constructed to facilitate the running of the trains. An engine was run into a ditch a short distance this side of Thompson's, in consequence of the weakened condition of the road-bed. Three flat cars were also carried away some forty feet, with three men on them, who, wonderful to relate, were not at all injured; they only receiving a thorough drenching and a big scare.

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AROUND THE WORLD IN A HUNDRED AND SIX DAYS.

ON the 25th of February a young gentleman of Boston wrote the following note upon a postal-card, directed the card to the postmaster of Liverpool, stuck a one-cent stamp upon it, and put it in the mail:

"BOSTON, February 25th, 1879—7:30 P. M.

"It is desired to find the shortest possible time around the world. Will the postmaster of each place designated here please forward this with the utmost dispatch, together with a request to the postmaster of the next following place to remail it, and so continue until it reachs San Francisco, when the postmaster is requested to mail it to

"FRANK H. WYMAN,

"No. 7 Otis Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A."

The card came back to him with the face covered with the circular and vari-colored postmarks of the places which he had designated. Some of them were nearly illegible, but by close study he made them all out except one, and here is the record of the journey which the card made: Boston, February 25th, 9 P. M.; Liverpool, March 9th; London, March 10th; Paris, March 11th; Marseilles, March 12th; Suez, March 20th; Aden, March 26th; Bombay, April 10th; Calcutta, April 19th; Hong Kong, May 7th; Yokohama, May 13th and 16th; San Francisco, June —; Boston, June 11th. Thus it will be seen that the time of passage round the world was one hundred and six days, which is believed to be about a week less than the fastest time before made in the mails. There was no charge for postage except the original two cents. A card mailed at five o'clock on the day this one left Boston, and sent in the opposite direction, has not yet arrived back.

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EMPEROR WILLIAM is described as doing a very kindly thing during his stay at Ems. A large party of schoolboys, headed by their teacher, arrived in Ems to spend a holiday. After exploring the town and drinking the waters they came trooping along the covered colonnade of the restaurant gardens. The Emperor, walking quietly along in the opposite direction, accosted the foremost boy, saying: "What brought you here, my lads?" "We came to spend a holiday and see the Emperor," promptly replied their spokesman. "To see the Emperor? Then have a good look at him," rejoined the monarch, turning himself round back and front. "I am the Emperor," and forthwith he took the delighted boys to a bookstall close by and presented each of them with a photograph of himself.